THE COMMONWEAL

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AMERICANS ABROAD

THE annual tide of travelers that is now setting forth across the ocean in pilgrimage to the lands of the sun is but another indication of the indomitable spirit of man, of the conquering Viking heart of the North seeking its booty of warmth and beauty, in tourist parties that replace the pirate bands, with beaded purses instead of battle axes, with all the strange rare fascinations of a new world and a new people to assail the prone old civilizations afar.

Taken in the mass, the sight of the American tourist of today stepping out of his private bath on board some swan-like steamer lying off one of the thousand forgotten ports in the South, is a demonstration of extraordinary portent to the world. It is the synthesis of our wealth and achievement, in contrast with the dream and the renunciation of the actual in the swooning noon of the tropical lands. Out of the mists of the North, the fabled Avalons in the imaginations of the South, the mystical realms of the Arthurs and Lancelots, suddenly loom up the crowded steamers, and their throngs with eyeglasses and cameras, innovation trunks and painted lips, to rush upon the places of dying holiness, to break through half neglected shrines, to awaken the owners of hotels, railways and restaurants, to drive out the dust and the flies of sleepy populations, and with a wild chunking of motor horns, to dash into the face of the desert—the desert—ah!—and then return!

For the one tourist inspired with the light of a pilgrimage to some holy city like Rome, to some tabernacle of art like Florence, to some beauty-spot of joy-forever like Sorrento, Taormina, Granada or Cintra, there are hundreds of weary hearts, disillusioned at home, worn out by work or illness, seeking a panacea, a fountain of youth for a thousand ills and troubles. They bring with them into these drowsy lands golden gifts not only in American specie, but also in American spirit of hope in the future, trust and energy in the present. They teach the sceptical old Europe the message of our newer day liberties, our fresher combinations in trade, our methods and devices of modern life—and sometimes, alas!—the dubious vigors of our pleasures. They move in a whirl of jazz, of audacities intensified in their distance from

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home—for unfortunately it is not always the best of America that makes its way back to Europe, and our wild-men and women grow, or at least seem, all the wilder in these ancient centres. The sum total of their money and their example is a great blessing for Europe—which is quick to learn and utilize, each country in its own way, sometimes all unconscious of the place of the original motif.

For the steamship lines, the tourist agencies, the express companies and foreign exchange—blessings! blessings more! May our travelers find the surcease from their burdens, the healthful airs, the inspiriting loveliness, the quaint charm and recreation they desire. May they see that there are other countries than America; that there have been other great times and great civilizations besides our own; that there are other traditions of noble beauty, other races of fine character; other national arts and letters than the English and American.

May our religious pilgrims return with a proper sense of the universality of their faith that will combat sectionalism or parochialism for the rest of their lives; may the narrow sectarian in facing the marvelous works of painting and architecture come to realize his proper place in the scheme of the universe, the place of modesty instead of the impudent, unenlightened self-assertion that characterizes our religious jingoes. May they come to realize that the eyes of Europe fixed upon them are as intelligent and sage as their American eyes flashing rapidly over these new-found scenes and dulled communities; that they are being studied coolly, while they pass hastily in their motors through the ancient bridges and triumphal arches of the Romans, the Spaniards, the French and Italians. We look forward to welcoming home our brothers and sisters, happier, healthier and better in mind and character from the great garden, the great museum, the great school-house of Europe.

We hear so much nowadays about American life, American art, and American religion considered as purely indigenous creations, that one can only wonder at it all as a recrudescence of the poor fallacy of Civil War days when our native producers began to turn out their "original" designs in black walnut bedsteads and bureaus, and our architects regarded the Queen Anne style of cottage as a distinct exotic. We were hardly out of the shingled period of the American home and the subterfuge of the planners of our public buildings in adopting classic styles was regarded as a dubious patriotism. We can pity these pioneer gentlemen confronted by such a hectic outbreak of nationalism and bemoan the sad fate of our writers who felt themselves called upon to substitute for the nightingale and light gazelle the whip-poor-will, the cat-bird and buffalo—a literary tragedy conspicuous enough, one would think to be remembered longer. But it seems we have grown so large and so lofty that we cannot see the deathless spires of the cathedral masterpieces of the world: for we announce new structures larger, more beautiful, more American than anything, anywhere, or ever; national cathedrals—by your leave, madame, please drop your poor mite of one hundred thousand in our hat! National schools, higher, lower, broader, technical, grammatic, university!—while our real education is distinctly not on a par with more than a few of the European centres—national mechanics, in the face of French, German and Italian genius, the shining exemplars of the world—national sciences, no matter what the rest of the world says of the Scandinavians, the English and the French—national letters that ignore our English-Irish-Scottish traditions of the past and their original par-excellence of the present—national religions that seem to forget that Bethlehem and Rome are still standing, that our Scriptures are Hebrew and Greek, that our tenets and pieties are continental, German and English among the sectaries, pure Roman among the Catholics. National! hear them shout—underived—untraditional—American!

Alas, for the mockery and the ignorance involved in such easy assumptions; alas, for the steady deteriorating virus of such a mind as is all too common in our man in the street! Sacred shades of our piano-lamps! Vanished pomps of patchwork design! Days of Rogers's groups and cloisonné cuspidors, have ye so soon passed from memory, with the basement dining-room, the white onyx parlor clock, the black crayon enlargement of papa's photograph! Even the Arab cosy corner in the hallway where Lisa first smoked a cigarette and read the palpitating Rubaiyat is now a "folded tent." Parisian posters, Navajo blankets, college banners, all in turn have passed away into the great discard, leaving the soul of America, bare as some new September Morn, backed by the primitive cliff-dwellings of the sunset lands, turning again to the eastern homes of fable, of art and civilization.

Heaven grant that our tourists, the hundred thousands of them that will return to us in a few months, will bring back a fuller, more solid realization of the dependence of our arts and religion upon the generations of the past who have struggled and fought the good fight of the human soul against barbarism, wrong and ignorance the whole world over. May they return with an added respect for the foreigner, added sympathies with him in his struggle with our English tongue and American ways, added toleration for the views of those in America who stand for and depend on the basis of European learning and culture, and are Americans, still, in the light that shone on the brows of the founders of our liberties and in the hearts of our missionaries and leaders in the past. Thus it will be, for our farers-forth and for us who prayerfully await them, a glad homecoming—not an exchange of foreign bric-à-brac, of fancy neckties and cigarette-holders, but a real gift-bearing of treasures—frankincense and myrrh—a blessing renewed for Europe and for our own beloved land.

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MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Secretary
JOHN F. MCCORMICK, Treasurer and Business Manager

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WEEK BY WEEK

GOSSIP of the "well informed" in Europe plays insistently about "fundamental changes in American policy" evidenced by cabinet changes accomplished or to come. Such echoes of the whispering gallery of the charmed inner circles of Europe are by no means to be despised as a source of information, even when its subject is American foreign policy over which Europe trips so consistently. It is the gossip of personal experience in government, past, present and future, in its relation to probable government policy, and it is very like discussion by Americans of the general aspects of business in which they are executives and directors. It is a safe surmise, however, in this case that any "fundamental change" of American policy is apparent rather than real. President Wilson, in his great effort stressed only moral values, ideals, and bowed inevitably to the practical. America withdrew "officially;" but continuously, tirelessly, consistently built up the economic foundations of confidence and stability at home and abroad. That process has gone on irrespective of the party in power.

AMERICA'S policy has been tested. In the main it has been found good, in Europe. A new administration is beginning under a President who has had full opportunity to try out theories without responsibility, who has formed opinions and reached convictions, and has mapped out his course with the help of very competent advisers. It is the fulfilment of American policy that is impending rather than a change. It is claimed that America, in the course of recent developments is committed to support of the League of Nations. That is not very important. The fact is that until now, whether desirable or not, it was not practically possible for America to join the League. Whether, in the full development of American foreign policy it may become desirable; whether, as a safeguard over our enormous financial undertakings it may become necessary to join a league based upon certain definite principles for which we stand unequivocally is quite another matter. It is at least safe to predict that, Washington being informed and experienced as never before, we will do that which is to our moral and economic advantage to do. Washington, in this period of American diplomacy is not duped.

THE Chairman of the House Committee on Immigration, Mr. Albert Johnson, dropped into prophecy at Washington a few days ago and told us that the annual addition to the population from abroad is likely to be cut 50 percent by the new-fangled laws governing admission into the country. During the six months which ended on December 31, there were 231,368 immigrants; the figure is taken to indicate a total of 262,736 to the end of the fiscal year on July 1. The number in 1923-4, was 879,302. To these figures may be added the forecast that the newcomers will be of a higher type industrially and personally than in the past. The racial system of selection, as well as requirements of literacy and other qualifications, make this change at least highly probable. It is therefore likely that a new problem threatens to confront the American public. Not only will the less desirable employments in productive industry become harder and harder to fill, but it will be difficult to get people to do certain menial offices which the native-born are reluctant to perform. Exclusion is easy enough, even though often oppressive, but it brings a few new problems in its train.

PROFESSOR EDWARD L. RICE, retiring vice-president of the section of zoölogy at the recent meeting of the American Association for the Promotion of Science, delivered an important address in which he discussed the utterances of Mr. William Jennings Bryan with regard to the creation of the world, and contrasted them with the less spectacular, but far more convincing writings of Darwin. "Mr. Bryan's main attack," he says, "is an argument deducted from the assumption of the literal accuracy of the Bible in general and of the first two chapters of Genesis in particular. This assumption is not biblical; it was not uniformly accepted in the early Church, nor is it accepted by the leading Bible scholars today." Mr. Bryan in truth seems to be inclined towards the Miltonic idea of creation as expounded in Paradise Lost. That was the Puritanical idea, and what is more, it tainted religious thought for years, and evidently still does. Further—it so far affected even Catholic writers, so it would seem, that, in their

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anxiety to give no handle to the taunt that they did not value the Bible—a taunt hurled at the Church from the time of the Reformation down to this very day—they temporarily lost the habit of looking at any part of it from the broader point of view to which the writings and interpretations of St. Augustine had habituated pre-Reformation writers.

THAT the Miltonic scheme never was the teaching of the Church is quite clear.

> "The grassy clods now calved, now half appeared
> The tawny lion, pawing to get free
> His hinder parts, then springs as broke from bonds,
> And rampant shakes his brindled mane."

This would appear to be, more or less, Mr. Bryan's idea; it is not that of the Church which has never laid down any scheme of the method of creation than that given us in Holy Writ—that in the beginning God created Heaven and earth, and all that they contain. There are even today, as there were in the time of St. Augustine, those who imagine that Christians believe that the Almighty Himself molded a figure of clay into which to breathe the breath of life, so that it might become our first father. It is not so long ago that an American professor very respectfully urged the churches not to press such a view, wholly ignorant of the fact that 1,500 years ago St. Augustine had declared that very notion to be "nimis puerilis cogitatio"—too childish an idea to be entertained for a moment. It is greatly to be desired that those who write about religion and science from outside the Catholic Church, should at least take the trouble to ascertain where and how its theological ideas differ from the various more or less chaotic theologies of other bodies.

"DARWIN'S work," Professor Rice continues, "is based upon an hypothesis or what Mr. Bryan terms a 'guess,' followed by the most complete verification and leading to a degree of probability amounting to practical certainty." On this we have to remark that we should not quarrel with Mr. Bryan for calling Darwin's theory a "guess." Everything that is not conclusively proved is a guess—it may be a very good one, or it may be very bad, but still an hypothesis is a guess until it ceases to an hypothesis and becomes settled truth. Further we emphasize the "blessed word" *practical.* Canon de Dorlodot thinks that evolution or transformism is a proved fact; many scientific men think that while it is the only theory that holds the field today, it is not yet proved to a demonstration, and that would seem to be the meaning of the word "practical." If so, we are certainly not going to quarrel with it.

THERE seems to be an "epidemic," as the newspapers say, of finding prehistoric human, or near-human, remains. As a result, sundry regions here and there, are putting forth claims to be the cradle of the race. So far as the scientific facts can be gathered from the preliminary reports, all the agitation appears to be premature. None of the fragmentary remains seem to be of true men. They are at least as different from homo sapiens, that is from ourselves, as the gorilla is from the chimpanzee. The finds are of remains of extinct species of apes—primates—discoveries of much less importance and meaning than the sensationalists in anthropology assume to impute to them.

THE claim made so frequently, that this or that find is at last the missing link, is equally misleading. The discovery of hitherto unknown species may have wonderful value to scientific classification in filling out series in a progressive scale, but obviously no one skeleton, no one type, can bridge the gap between species in the evolutionary sense, unless it be considered that evolution took place by leaps. Change from species to species by any of the gradual processes would recognize a whole chain of missing links to bridge the gap from one animal to another, including that between monkey and man. No such claim of variants has so far been found.

THE passing of Mr. John Lane, London publisher of Bodley Head fame, at the not very advanced age of seventy, recalls the fact that only some thirty years have gone over the cataract of time since the British aesthetes of the 'nineties bunched their literary and artistic hits under his auspices, in the Yellow Book. Your London æsthete, " 'ninety pattern," your Dowson, Crackenthorpe or Beardsley, was a quaint bird. There were dandies in his ranks but on the whole he rather affected the outward signs of poverty, and was not ashamed of such authentic livery of the muses as fringed trousers and battered hat. His habits were nocturnal and his haunts obscure. He liked four o'clock in the morning breakfasts in cabmen's shelters or self-communings under the Piccadilly gas-lamps at the hour the supper houses were disgorging their frail beauty upon the pavement. His morals were dubious, but, on the whole, he cannot be written down, or off, as irreligious. He even wallowed at times in a sense of sin, and in what Abbé Dimnet terms "sickly efflorescence of the roots of religious consciousness." It was in this respect that he differed most sharply from the sleek, shrewd, log-rolling aesthete of today, a joyous and emancipated soul, who knows that sin is starch and morality hygiene, a bustling and up-and-doing body, who sales-manages his own reputation, and cheer-leads his own claque. Mr. Arthur Symons, happily still active, is the accredited historian of the vanished generation. It was an ill-fated and, on the

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whole, a futile one. But amid its scanty tribute to eternity are some of the most haunting lyrics ever wrung from the human soul by a "too quick sense of human infelicity." Living or dead (and many how tragically dead!) peace be with the men of the Yellow Book.

THAT the idea of restoring the spiritual element to everyday life has taken strong hold of the country was well illustrated at the recent annual meeting of Theta Pi Alpha Chapter at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel in New York. The organization is made up of Catholic school teachers, so the advocacy of religious training of children was in itself a routine manifestation; but two remarkable speeches were made which showed the spread of conviction that a broad general effort to bring back the youth of the country to positive and active religious consciousness is generally recognized. These were made by Dr. David de Sola Pool, Rabbi of the Spanish-Portuguese Synagogue on Fifth Avenue, and by the Rev. Dr. Walter M. Howlett, a Congregationalist clergyman, who is secretary for religious education of the New York Federation of Churches. Dr. Pool's maxim was that good people wished their children not only to walk with men and women but to walk with God. Dr. Howlett emphasized the fact that the entire community has an interest in the redemption of all its children to higher things. Catholics suffer when a Protestant or Jew goes wrong, and Protestants and Jews, through the fault of a Catholic. In the public schools, he said, morals may be taught, but that is not enough—"Nothing but religion can save our children from going wrong." He added—"We want the child to recognize civic authority, but beyond that, the authority of God Himself."

IN this sentence, Dr. Howlett hit the nail on the head. The need is not for codes for boys and girls; there are enough of them and some good enough in their way; the real need is to create a deep and binding motive for obeying the code; the philosophy of Abou Ben Adhem is a trifle remote and diffused for the untrained mind of youth. There is the experience of the ages to show that the Divine appeal has not only a strong but a benign influence on the spirit of childhood. Dr. Howlett said that the members of the New York Board of Education were alive to the need of the day. He said—"We have sane anxious leadership," and also—"They want this systematic week-day religious instruction for the children as much as we do." As a matter of fact, an experiment in religious instruction has been planned for one of the uptown schools. The newspapers have given a general outline of the scheme which is to send the children daily to nearby churches for lessons from teachers of their own denominations.

THERE is no time as yet to judge of the plan or its workings, but it must be recognized that it has started an instant reaction in anti-religious quarters. One Joseph Lewis, described as President of the Freethinkers Society, comes out in the newspapers with the announcement that he has written to Superintendent O'Shea of the Public Schools to demand public hearings at which he may oppose any action looking to the religious instruction of children on school days. "The proposal," he blusters, "is clearly an entering wedge for putting religion into the public school system." This is a clear misstatement; the truth is that it is a tentative project to secure to children some adequate religious instruction although they are pupils of a non-religious system of public education. But that is only a secondary matter; we are not discussing the merits or demerits of the proposal at this time nor making any forecast as to its outcome. The point is that the anti-religious element in the community, though fortunately not very numerous, is aggressive—even combative. It is ready to crusade for the atheistic bringing up of children, yet would make any positive policy in the opposite direction a political grievance.

THE PLAIN INAUGURATION

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has won considerable praise here and there by his action in cutting off all the decorative features of his inauguration next month. There has been little or no pubished dissent, though a good deal of regret, if not exactly censure, is currently expressed in private circles.

There are, in fact, two issues to the matter, the personal and the public. On the former, a fair case can be made out for Mr. Coolidge, as well as for Thomas Jefferson, who hitched his horse to a gate post with his own hands, according to one legend, when he went to take the oath of office. The phrase, "Jeffersonian simplicity," has become a sacred tradition along with the perhaps equally mythical cherry tree.

But Mr. Coolidge is described as a plain man—simple and direct in thought and in speech and in manners. He hates pomp and ceremony just as did Horace the well-known Persian apparatus. The "festal blazes, the triumphal show," would not only be personally disagreeable to him, but they would convey a false impression of his character to the citizenship, to whom, like Mark Anthony, he wishes to be known as "a plain, blunt man." There is the further element of character involved—the fact that the President is a frugal New Englander, who respects the dollar for what it will provide that is worth buying. His recent display of economy in respect to Pullman car fares has already taken its place in tradition with Rutherford B. Hayes's state dinner at which "water flowed like champagne." In the present instance he balks at a large expenditure on red fire and rolling drums, be-

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cause, presumably, he does not see an adequate return to the American democracy.

Now as to the simplicity of Mr. Coolidge and his individual preference for a quiet inauguration, there is not a word to be said. If he wishes it so, he is entitled to have his way. Nobody would wish him to be uncomfortable on so happy an occasion, nor to carry through his term, or into retirement later, vain regrets at the embarrassments caused by the outer manifestations of greatness. If it makes Mr. Coolidge any happier or easier in his mind, the country will console itself for the loss of a filip to its patriotic chest expansion.

But we cannot help hoping that the case will not prove a precedent for too much economical and Jeffersonian restraint on such occasions. May we be permitted the truism that this is a large country and that its government stands for some ideals of grandeur in the eyes of the world. The periodic change of its chief magistrate, peacefully, through the orderly assertion of the will of a hundred millions of people, is in itself a phenomenon to excite the imagination and to deserve commemoration in such representative form as the peoples of the earth are accustomed to employ in such cases.

There are pomps and pomps, and ceremonies and ceremonies. If Mr. Coolidge put on a purple robe and held an ivory sceptre in his hand; if he expected the senators, the governors of the states and the officers of the army and navy to bend the knee to him and kiss his hand, he would become ridiculous because such trappings and such posturings would be un-American and un-modern; they would be obnoxious to the spirit of the people and the age. But that a fair representation of the might of the nation, physical and spiritual, should do honor to him as its chief, in the recognized military salute and in the clasping of hands, seems neither vainglorious as respects the object of such tributes, nor undemocratic on the part of a free people, devoted to their institutions.

In comparison with the great meaning that may be seen in such a display of loyalty to the national system of government, the money cost would seem to be almost a negligible factor. The sums mentioned as necessary to the pageant are absolutely trivial as compared with the resources and the habitual outlay of the country. Nor is the plea of the unemployed poor a very tenable one, for it is plain that almost every dollar expended would go to some worker.

It may be added, that the mere element of pleasure, of recreation involved, is worth considering. To give a stimulating trip and an inspiring day, with color and music and something good to think of, to some tens of thousands of people, would be worth a good deal of money, and the experience would be shared in a measure by the whole country, through the medium of the press. We believe pomp and ceremony, properly toned and with adequate ideas behind them to render them symbolic, have true human usefulness. The inauguration of a President, too, would seem to be a proper and adequate occasion for them—when the President is not opposed.

AGGRESSIVENESS

IN THE presence even of our heroes, slain in some bold aggression with the beautiful light of a moral victory shining on their dead brows, we are pursued at times with a troubling doubt concerning the necessity and wisdom of their acts. The shrewd old proverb—

> He who fights and runs away
> Lives to fight another day,

has had numerous affirmations in the policy of the old Roman, Fabius, whose victories were based upon campaigns of delays and retreats. In fact, our own American history tells how Washington, by a long series of retreats, wore out the martial spirit of the British and founded the liberties of which we are so proud, and—may we say it?—so lavish.

The schoolboy has usually found in his study of the American Revolution a rather dampened ardor in these long delays and escapes from Hessians and British forces: he would have the triumphant light of war shine out as brilliantly over his darling Washington as over the great Julius Caesar, Pompey, Marc Antony, Alexander and Napoleon. But the older student pondering upon these careers may well ask himself—were they not wiser who knew how to control and sustain their power, to weaken the enemy with delay and stratagem, to give him, in the words of another wise old commonplace, "the rope with which to hang himself?"

The beauty of self-sacrifice; the glory of the man who faces, who runs into, the mouth of the cannon; the fair futility of a broken youth, like the shattered loveliness of some Greek marble, must always appeal to the dreaming soul; but the history of the Christian martyrs shows us that even they avoided and escaped the persecutors, and only met the lions and the racks when it was necessary for the honor of their God and their faith.

To die for a cause can at times be easier than to live for it; true heroism sometimes calls on a man to face his sorrow, to live down the results of a dishonor either real or undeserved; for patient facing of a long illness, for a heroism like that of the 10,000 Americans who perished slowly of starvation, disease and filth in the prison ships in New York Harbor, which is really greater than the wildest adventure to the sound of bugles and cannons on a frenzied battle-field.

Character would therefore imply a better modification of bravery and forbearance; a strength without boast or aggression; a preparation for the final sacrifice that may be exacted as well under the slow grind of years as in the sudden ecstasy and flash of an apotheosis.

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HERRIOT'S CHURCH POLICY

By DENIS GWYNN

WITHIN the past six months the religious question has once more come to the forefront of politics in France, after having been more or less completely in abeyance since 1914, when all French men agreed to sink their differences on internal affairs in the union sacrée. The anti-clerical laws which had driven the religious orders out of the country, and which involved various measures of oppression and inquisition against the Catholic elements of the population, became for the duration of the war inoperative. Priests and monks and nuns who had been banished under the laws passed in the first decade of the century, came flocking back to undertake whatever duties they could find in connection with military service or war work; and popular feeling was so much impressed by their impatience to return in the hour of France's danger that they were received back with universal enthusiasm. All members of the secular clergy who were of military age were mobilized, like all the rest of the nation's manhood. The older priests immediately volunteered in response to the efforts of Denys Cochin and others to recruit an army chaplain's department. Jesuits, Benedictines and members of the other proscribed orders came hurrying back to enlist in the fighting ranks or to act as chaplains or in whatever capacity they could fill. Nuns came back to organize and to take charge of military hospitals. No government at such a moment could have refused the services so nobly and urgently offered by French men and women who had been hitherto treated as undesirables and had been ordered out of the country.

Gradually, as the war progressed, the old prejudices against the clergy and against the Church died down. Soldiers who had for years ignored all religious practice became, for the time being, devoutly Christian under the discipline and inspiration of war service. The older people who could only wait through the interminable months of war, watching the casualty lists mounting up and suffering more and more acutely under the continued apprehension of France being overrun by the superior forces on the German side of No Man's Land, began before long to discover sources of consolation and of hope in the religion which they had for so long treated with contempt, if not with hostility. And, added to these influences, two others began more and more to affect the public mind of France. In the first place, the clergy, whether fighting in the ranks or ministering to the wounded and the dying as army chaplains, were acknowledged on all sides to be setting a marvelous example of heroism and of morale. One minister after another, one general after another, paid tribute to their astonishing valor in the field of battle. The country began to ring with their praise. But even more efficacious in restoring the prestige of the Church was the fact that the new group of generals, who were pushing their way up to the control of the big commands through sheer merit and ability in the handling of armies, were found in most cases to be devout Catholics.

Some of them, and most conspicuously Marshal Foch himself, had been kept from the highest commands before the war simply because they were Catholic, and the public in its craving for detailed information about its military leaders, became aware of this. By the end of the war most of the chief commands were in fact in the hands of Catholic generals. Marshall Foch had become the idol of the people, and every detail of his austere daily life was known to everyone. His almost childlike trust in Christ as the savior of France spread with disquieting persistence through an incredulous country. Those who laughed at his constant attendance at Mass and the sacraments could not but admit that at least religion did seem to give strength to the commanders of armies in war. For Marshal Foch was not the only great Catholic commander. In northern Africa an even more ascetic and devout-souled soldier, Marshal Lyautey, had established France's military position beyond all danger of attack and had created a new recruiting ground for troops. Similarly in the Balkans where Marshal Franchet d'Esperey (who was the first of the Allied commanders to break through the enemy's front and to force his adversary out of the war) was no less Catholic. General Mangin, most pugnacious of all the French generals, who had been chosen time after time to take the command to fight through apparently insuperable obstacles, showed that a devout Catholic could be as robust a warrior as anyone. General Gouraud, the hero of Gallipoli, and perhaps even more than all the rest, that large-hearted chivalrous old man, General de Castelnau, the senior member of the council of war, had inherited the full Catholic tradition of the early ages.

It is necessary to recall these facts to explain the situation which has now arisen. The combined effect of these various influences went far to stamp out the old anti-Catholic prejudices among the mass of the people. It was only the discredited liberal parties who still cherished their desire to keep the Church in check. They watched with intense chagrin the growing popularity of the Catholic clergy and of the Catholic soldiers. And so when Clemenceau held his "khaki" election in the year after the Armistice, with the Treaty of Versailles signed and sealed as the definite conclusion of his labors, the Bloc National, or coalition of all the patriotic parties, swept the country and

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brought him back to power with a tidal wave of popular enthusiasm. The Bloc National parliament then ruled France without serious challenge until the general elections which took place last May. Elected at a time when war service was treated as the sole test of a candidate's qualifications to sit in parliament, it therefore implicitly recognized the services of the Catholic clergy, and had no intention of reviving any pre-war infringements of their liberties. The temporary permission given to the religious orders to come back to France for service in the war was never formally questioned or reconsidered in spite of occasional criticism by the anti-clerical veterans. And so the banished priests and nuns stayed on, consolidating their position as rapidly as they could against the possibility of a change of government which would be less favorable to themselves. The Bloc National could be counted upon at any rate to treat them with benevolent neutrality. Hence the Catholic forces ranged themselves solidly in support of M. Poincaré and his nationalist program. Much of the weakness of the Church's position is due to this unfortunate association of the Church, and especially of the clergy, with a political program which has become discredited.

M. Briand, interpreting the general feeling of the country, declared openly that times had changed and that the war had abundantly demonstrated the falsehood of the old charges of lack of patriotism against the Church. He himself, having in 1909 been personally responsible for drafting the Law of Separation (which cut the Church out of the state and abolished diplomatic relations with the Vatican) now carried through a post-war parliament a bill to restore relations with the Vatican. He urged its adoption not for sentimental reasons but on the general ground that France had lost a great deal by her estrangement with the Holy See, and that she could not now afford to be absent from the papal court, where even Protestant powers now had their accredited representatives. Encouraged by this political victory, and aided by the incomparably astute and energetic diplomacy of the new papal envoy to France, Mgr. Ceretti, the French Catholics pressed for further consolidation of their position, and succeeded in securing the assent both of the French government and of the Holy See to a new scheme for giving a legal status to the Church, which has possessed no civil rights since 1909.

Such was the position when the elections were held last May, when the Bloc National, discredited by its failure to fulfil the promise that Germany would be made to pay—upon which it had piled up a colossal weight of internal debt—was swept aside in favor of the only alternative government available, which meant the Liberal and Socialist combination under the leadership of M. Herriot. The return of the liberals to power unfortunately involved of necessity a revival of the old religious feuds in French politics. The liberal school which M. Herriot represents has always been profoundly distrustful of the Catholic Church. Moreover it depends chiefly upon the support of the freemason lodges which were paramount in French politics before the war. It had resisted the proposal to restore relations with the Vatican when the Left Bloc was only a small minority in the last parliament, and it never made any secret of its intention to repudiate the restoration of diplomatic relations if it came back to power. But the elections were not fought on the clerical question, any more than the elections which brought the Labor government unexpectedly into power in England were fought on the issue of recognizing or not recognizing the Bolsheviks. The main cause of the change in France was that the country had grown dissatisfied with its leaders and wanted something different. Above all, it wanted a government which would make peace and disarmament its first business. In England the return of such a government involved recognition of the Bolsheviks. In France it involved a breach with the Vatican. To the man in the street these questions were more or less academic, and the prospect of such action being taken did not deter him from desiring to see a new group of politicians have a chance of showing what they could do.

The result was that M. Herriot immediately announced his intention of living up to the full republican principles of his party. This involved putting the old pre-war legislation into force again, and also repealing the new laws which had restored relations with the Holy See and had given back to the Church the legal recognition which the radicals had always been determined that it should not have. The new government, as soon as it would rid itself of the more pressing problems of the Dawes report, did in fact set itself to carrying out this program. In doing so it has aroused a terrific storm of protest from all the Catholic forces in France. No one can yet say for certain which side is likely to prevail. But a detached observer can scarcely fail to note that M. Herriot and his cabinet have acted with more prudence and restraint than has been shown on the Catholic side. The Catholics suffer from the immense disadvantage that they are not only a minority of, at most, one-third of the whole population, but generally speaking a very localized minority. Certain parts of France, like Brittany and the Pyrenees, or to a lesser extent Alsace-Lorraine, are overwhelmingly Catholic. But the centre is almost completely paganized, and in the north and the south the Catholics are at best a vigorous and organized minority. In such conditions they can scarcely hope to sway public opinion. Other questions, such as the cost of living, will naturally weigh more with the mass of the people than the Catholic issue, no matter how completely justice may be on the side of the Catholics in revolt.

The most disquieting aspect of the immediate situation is that the Catholics have apparently been moving

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too fast in threatening not only passive resistance but actual civil war against the measures which M. Herriot has in contemplation. M. Herriot has been playing his hand skilfully. He has done practically nothing that would shock the indifferent mass of the people. He has not taken any steps, except in a few isolated cases, towards evicting the religious communities which have settled in France since they came back early in the war. All that he has done is to send out agents to make inquiries to find whether the law is being evaded or not. Similarly in Alsace-Lorraine, the storm of protest has arisen not from the actions but from the announced intentions of the government to modify the existing privileges enjoyed by the various churches there. The gravest danger at the moment would seem (to a foreign observer) to be that the Catholics, stung to revolt by the first threats of interference, may create such an atmosphere of civil strife by their threats of armed resistance, as will make the indifferent mass of the people consider that it is the Catholic leaders, clergy and laymen alike who are the real disturbers of the peace.

TOLERANCE AND PROGRESS

By J. R. KNIPFING

TOLERANCE is the habit of mind which liberty has engendered. And liberty, according to the classic definition of Lord Acton, who devoted a lifetime of study to the investigation of its history, is "the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes his duty against the influence of authority and majorities, custom and opinion." Tolerance and liberty have the widest of horizons; within their purview they include all essential aspects of man's life in society: his religion, politics, ethics, law, race, nation, culture, and economic interests.

Folk of the present generation are all too prone to take their own tolerance and liberty for granted, and to assume in this respect a smugly complacent attitude of superiority toward the effort and achievement of earlier civilization. It proceeds from a state of mind common to both the masses and the intelligentsia of these United States of ours. As such its kinship is established with the idea or dogma of Progress, the belief, as Gilbert Murray would put it, in "some gradual ennobling and enriching of the content of life." On the part of the masses the notion is identified with a sense of greater material and physical well-being, scientific achievement, political democracy, and religious liberty. The intelligentsia, from the outset of the age of enlightenment, performed much the same function for their time which the ancient Greek Logographoi had done for theirs: they rationalized the prevailing myths. The theory of progress had never been in vogue with Greek, Roman, or mediaeval thinkers, but harmonized well with eighteenth-century views concerning human perfectibility, the quintessential capacity of human reason, and the infinite possibilities of scientific discoveries. This led to the formulation and adoption of the idea of progress by Voltaire, Turgot, the Encyclopedists, Condorcet and Herder. In the nineteenth century the jacket of the book was retained, but the contents were somewhat altered: by the positivist Comte, to reflect the psychology of change wrought by the French Revolution; by Hegel, with the purpose of nationalizing Germany under the hegemony of militaristic Prussia; by Karl Marx and the economic school of historical interpretation, to expose the iniquities of big business, and to ameliorate the rigors of the industrial revolution in behalf of the laboring proletariat; by Herbert Spencer, Giddings, and their sociologist host, to apply the Lamarckian and Darwinian hypothesis of evolution to the complete history of man's life in society.

This idea of progress I believe to be essentially false. It has in the main been responsible for notable perversions of historical truth, of which the more recent examples are J. B. Bury's History of Freedom of Thought and H. G. Wells's Outline of History. The world war and its aftermath have contributed to their discomfiture and the repudiation of the optimistic Weltanschauung which they professed and presumably still affirm. The moment was propitious, however, for another Orosius, and Spengler attempted to meet the need with his History of the Decline and Fall of Western Civilization. In England, Dean Inge found solace in the company of the pessimistic Nietzsche and wrote his stimulating lecture on the Idea of Progress. In rejecting the modern view of progress he resorts to an explanation of the course of human history which is infinitely more satisfying and penetrating: the time-honored theory of cyclic change, of progression and retrogression. It was a theory formulated by Hesiod, Plato and Aristotle among the Greeks, adopted by the Romans, and incorporated in the Christian tradition through Daniel's interpretation of Nebuchadnezzar's famous dream. It would explain the history of civilization by analogy with the oscillations of a pendulum: swings now forward, now backward—with the length of the swing subject to much variation, and the motion at times retarded, or again, accelerated. It is an interpretation of the past as a series of changes and of historical contingencies, entirely unteleogical in character. This theory of change seems to fit in with the scanty evidence we have obtained to date concerning prehistoric man's nature and nurture. On the physical side, the

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fragmentary remains of Pithecanthropus erectus, homo Heidelbergensis and the Piltdown skull, inspire even the enthusiastic anthropologist with caution; the extraordinary "ascent" from the Neanderthal to the Cro-magnon type within so short a period of geological time is difficult to explain; and still more difficult the existence of the greatly inferior Grimaldi type, almost synchronous with the splendid Cro-magnon specimens. At the most, on the basis of paleolithic and neolithic finds of weapons, tools, utensils and habitations, one is justified in tracing limited progress along material lines during the prehistoric period of man's life. This, I protest, is entirely insufficient data upon which to base an idea of his mental, moral, social, artistic, political, religious, physical and material progress. And, Professor Giddings and his sociological compeers to the contrary, I am not at all sure that improvement in the material well-being of man necessarily implies and involves progress in these other directions also.

For the written and documented portion of man's history, say from 4241 B. C. to 1924 A. D., the theory of cyclic change possesses the virtue of being historical: it conforms to the facts and enables the historian to chronicle them in their sequential order of cause and effect, with a minimum of a priori convictions. He may describe the rise, flowering and decline of such antique civilizations as the Egyptian, Babylonian, Hittite, Assyrian, Hebrew, Persian, Greek and Roman; or the Chinese, Japanese and Hindoo; or the Mohammedan; or the mediaeval Christian; or the American; or the modern European. He may even observe the progress or retrogression of the same civilization in different epochs of historical time—e. g., the brilliance of the Periclean age as compared with the "loss of nerve" in the arts of civilization on the part of fourth-century Greece; or the civil wars and their disastrous consequences in the last century of the Roman republic as compared with the golden age of Augustus. But he would be extremely loathe to hold that the Augustan age showed the general progress of civilization beyond that of the age of Pericles. What would be his standards of quantitative and qualitative measurement for this calculation? Obviously not those of a Thucydides or a Livy, for each would be a witness for the defense of the claims of his own country and contemporaneity. Nor would the judgments of a Dante, Bentley, Voltaire, or H. G. Wells have any greater value: for the solution of the problem each would project into the past the prepossessions of his immediate present. The same and even greater difficulties would confront the historian if he should attempt to maintain, for example, the superiority of tenth-century Mohammedanism over Old-Testament Judaism, or of our contemporaneous European and American civilizations over those of mediaeval China and mediaeval Christian Europe, respectively.

Consequently, our contemporaries—to whom, incidentally, the past dozen years have brought a triune cycle of epochs corresponding to the golden, heroic and iron ages of Hesiod—appear to be both fatuous and disingenuous when they resort to the idea of Progress in explanation of civilization's course during historical times. They thereby assume that the direction which present-day civilization is traveling must be essentially good, right and just; that all other civilizations of the past or present with a different orientation or different objectives are essentially bad, wrong and unjust; that it is permissible to employ the most arbitrary methods in the inclusion and exclusion of historical evidence to demonstrate the favorable trend of human progress from the remote past to the living present; and that mankind is capable of indefinite but infinite progress precisely along the lines of our present development.

Let us then consider one of their favorite illustrations of the working of their idea of Progress, namely, the history of Tolerance. There has been much looseness of thinking and writing about the tolerance and intolerance of the past, because the theme has been restricted to the domain of religion. Now no serious student of history would deny that the governments, institutions, groups and individuals of today have a more tender and scrupulous regard for the rights of conscience, worship and ecclesiastical property than the generality of mankind exhibited in the middle ages. This, however, is merely one of the jewel's several facets, as we have indicated in our foregoing definitions of tolerance and liberty. Whereas religion and the Church monopolized the mediaeval stage with respect to plot, actors, and scenery, there are today a host of competing or associated agencies: the state, civil, criminal and international law, big business, trade-unionism, race, imperialism, secular education, nationalism, secret societies, and all forms of secular amusement. When all these factors are taken into consideration, I seriously question whether we contemporaries are endowed with a greater share of tolerance and liberty than fell to the share of the average man of the middle ages. The world war has shown us the precarious nature of our much vaunted tolerance and liberty. By it tribal manifestations were released—nationalistic, racial, social, economic or religious in character—which went far to demonstrate that the inner nature of man remains fundamentally unchanged. Indeed, for the great majority of mankind it may be said that intolerance, not tolerance, has been and is still the polar star of man's destiny. This derives from the fact that man is a social being, a member of his groups—whether these be political, racial, national, cultural, professional, social, economic or religious. Social groupings are in greater or lesser degree all intolerant, and that from the very necessity and purpose of their existence. All periods of human history have been intolerant, but with a shifting of emphasis to those particular interests

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which society and the group esteemed of vital importance to their given time and clime. In the thirteenth century religion constituted the foundation and structure of civilized society, and when the vital interests, dogmas and institutions of the universal Church were threatened by heretical intrusions, one resorted to religious compulsion through the agencies of the inquisition and the merciless "secular arm." Deaths at the stake were all too frequent, yet I seriously doubt whether their total for any fifty-year period of the thirteenth century exceeded by much the total number of Negro lynchings perpetrated in the United States during the period from 1874 to 1924. For the religious intolerance of the middle ages we have substituted racial intolerance—witness the treatment of the American Negroes, the Chinese and Japanese, the Germans and their descendants during the war and its aftermath, and the recent race discrimination of the new immigration law against the southern and southeastern Europeans. Nationalism too, has replaced the internationalism of the middle ages, to the detriment of the cause of international tolerance and liberty, as the abundant wars, competing armaments, rival imperialisms, conscripted armies, and the hostile alliances of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries make manifest.

What an appalling condemnation it would be of our modern political and nationalistic intolerance, if we could confront the total figures of Europeans slain in foreign and civil wars from 1879 to 1924 with the mediaeval totals contributed by the foreign wars, civil strife, and campaigns for the repression of heresy over a similar period of 135 years in the middle ages. And please note that the condemnation would have not only its quantitative but also its proportionate basis, with due regard for the population statistics of both periods under comparison.

Moreover, since business interests and the accumulation of property and wealth are nearer and dearer to the heart of modern man than ever they were to the citizen of the mediaeval world, we have developed an infinitely more virulent form of economic intolerance. Although, as Schmoller, the great German economic historian, says, the renaissance of towns in the middle ages was perhaps the greatest economic and cultural revolution in the history of mankind, it made no such assault upon economic liberty as followed in the train of the modern industrial revolution, for theirs was not an "acqusitive society," but one in which all industrial and agricultural production was regulated solely to meet the consuming needs of the public. Consequently, the middle ages experienced no such economic restraints upon liberty as have been involved in the growth of modern trusts and monopolies, strikes and strike-breaking, the conflict between capital and labor, justice for the rich and injustice for the poor, trade-unionism, standardization of production, the slums, pogroms, and the pros and cons of Socialism, the I. W. W., Communism and Bolshevism.

"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose."

BY THE MOUTHS OF CHILDREN

By BLANCHE MARY KELLY

THE dedication by His Eminence Cardinal Hayes of the Pius X School of Liturgical Chant on the grounds of Manhattanville College might, at first glance, seem but one more official duty checked off on the calendar of a busy diocesan, but that, in reality, its significance lies much deeper it is my hope to show.

The structure of the Pius X School has none of the appearance of newness. Whether you approach it from the college grounds or by the picturesque gateway from the street, the Romanesque façade confronts you with every aspect of long and familiar intercourse with time. To enter it is to step out of the twentieth century into another and more spacious era, to breathe an atmosphere which the soul knows for its native air. It is in this translation of atmosphere that the architects, Messrs. Delano and Aldrich, have wrought their chiefest miracle. The sights and sounds of a frenzied age are shut out by the wall nearest the street, which is blank, its monastic lines enhanced by a sculptured crucifix which is an impressive example of French Romanesque art.

The opposite wall is broken by windows of leaded glass giving upon the convent garden. The forward part of the hall is occupied by a platform, which is arranged for both lectures and choral singing. Before it, in a sunken space, stands the organ console, the organ itself having been installed by the builders, Casavant Frères of St. Hyacinthe, Canada. The platform is surmounted by a great beam, similar to a rood-beam, on which, in archaic script, are inscribed the words—Ex ore infantium perfecisti laudem.

These words may be called the keynote of the movement of which the Pius X Hall is the outward and visible sign, but whose invisible effects are incalculable. When an organized effort was begun, to carry out in this country the behest of Pope Pius X for the restoration of the Church's ancient hymnody, it was by the mouths of children that the Divine praises were first sung; and when the new hall was dedicated on November 6 last, with ceremonies replete with the ineffable symbolism of all Catholic liturgical functions, there was an eminent fitness in the circumstance that the voices of children predominated in demonstrating

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the great fact on which the school itself is founded—namely, the apparently predestinate union of music and prayer.

The children who sang on this occasion, to the number of 215 boys and 100 girls, were chosen from the parochial schools of New York City, where they have been taught according to the now internationally known method of teaching music, perfected by Mrs. Justine Ward in collaboration with Rev. J. B. Young, S. J. The girls were all from one school, that of the Annunciation, where the now flourishing schola had its modest beginning. That is why the dedication ceremony partook to some extent of the nature of a climax, not in the sense of complete fruition and hence cessation of effort, but because what began in obscurity and has continued in the face of difficulties and discouragements received on that occasion the crown of public recognition.

Established in 1917 by Justine Bayard Ward, the Pius X School of Liturgical Chant is a work, primarily inspired by the desire to obey the papal command regarding liturgical chant. When that Pontiff spoke there was at least one ancient Catholic tradition which had been long departed from, and that not only in America, but generally throughout the world. Barbarism and bad taste had invaded even the sanctuary. The rare exceptions were for the most part Benedictine monasteries, and even there the Plain Chant of that greatest of Benedictines, the first Pope Gregory, had been hushed for centuries until it was revived in the nineteenth century by Dom Guéranger at the abbey which he had restored at Solesmes in France. So completely had it fallen into oblivion that the true fashion of writing and singing it had been forgotten. The task of restoring the ancient chant in its integrity has been the great achievement of the community of Solesmes.

It was at Solesmes, it will be remembered, that Huysmans lived as an oblate, leaving it only when the iniquitous Associations Law drove the monks into exile. "Solesmes stands alone," writes Huysmans in the person of Durtal; "there is no place like it in the whole of France; religion there has an artistic splendor to be met with nowhere else; the chant is perfect; the services are conducted with matchless pomp. Where else, too, could I ever hope to meet an abbot as broad-minded as Dom Delatte, or experts in musical paleography more skilled or learned than Dom Mocquereau or Dom Cagin?"

The Pius X School has no more enthusiastic supporter than this very Dom Mocquereau, who has not only written warmly in its praise, but has come in person to conduct advanced classes under its auspices, while every facility has been afforded Mrs. Ward to pursue her researches at Quarr Abbey, in the Isle of Wight, where the exiled Solesmes community now continues its great work.

The prolonged period of desuetude and corruption which befell liturgical chant is all the more regrettable for the fact that it ensued upon glorious centuries of development and use, Catholic centuries, during which the language of the Roman rite was generally "understanded of the people;" when the people themselves had their part in the chants of the Church, taking their familiar way through fields which have now become the province of paleographers; when all Christendom was cultured with the floraison of the whole being which cannot be fostered by mere learning. Culture of that sort is worn not like a label on the back, but like a plume upon the helm.

Those were joyous, expansive days, spacious in a higher sense than the Elizabethan. No subsequent era, no matter what its cultural claims, no matter what its scientific achievement, has produced anything so tremendously significant as the Gothic style.

It is true that Gothic never became the official style of ecclesiastical architecture in the same sense in which Gregorian became the Church's official chant, but the union of these two marked the apex of its aesthetic splendor. The liturgy is still the liturgy, the chant is still the chant, whether it is sung at Chartres or in a portable tin church in a western mining town. It is better to have the liturgy becomingly carried out in a tawdry edifice than to have operatic Masses in a Gothic masterpiece. The ideal is to restore to the world that spirit which made possible Gregorian and Gothic, a spirit from whose accessibility to the breathings of the Holy Spirit, Plain Chant was held to have been born.

Now, the Pius X School of Liturgical Chant is unquestionably a powerful factor in the movement to restore this spirit to the world. To begin with, it is itself permeated and impelled by this spirit, as the most casual observer may ascertain by entering the hall where the sessions of the choral classes are held, and where, as I have said, he will find himself translated to the age when the academic cloisters of Oxford and Paris and Bologna were thronged with students from all parts of Christendom.

The method, however, is not adapted solely to the teaching of Gregorian music, nor is its use confined to Catholic schools. It is based on sound psychological and pedagogical principles, which stimulate and train the child's undeveloped sense of rhythm, develop and educate his vague sense of pitch, so that he acquires a feeling for exact musical time and a discernment of tonal relationships, yet so gradually that he can always grasp and use the musical knowledge he has received. The result is that mere children are able to cope with the difficulties of counterpoint and harmony, and "speak" music as a language.

As a consequence the Ward method has been adopted into their curricula by a number of private non-sectarian schools in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut as the most perfect method yet devised for musical instruction. Alma Gluck was delighted

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to find it in use in the Bovee School, which her small son is attending, for to her the results are so amazing that she wishes all children might be taught by this method. Requests for teachers from the Pius X School have been received from numerous foreign countries, notably Italy, Japan, Australia and New Zealand.

The child students of the school have on numerous occasions visited various sections of the United States and Canada, literally astounding the audiences who witnessed the results of their training. Such a demonstration was given at Massey Hall in Toronto on May 5 last, when an audience composed of musicians and teachers, assembled from different parts of the United States and Canada, were rewarded by an experience which filled the next day's press with rapturous comments on the children's "beautiful exposition of singing tone, perfect intonation, faultless enunciation and ability to read."

This is to restore music to something of the place it held in the mediaeval quadrivium, for the children so instructed are taught not merely to sing the liturgy of the Church, though that were enough, but their aesthetic faculties receive a thorough training. Their taste, fed upon beauty, taught the language of beauty, which is symbolism, becomes eclectic and rejects all that is common or unclean. For the ascetic palate is the most discerning; it is only the intemperate who care more for the draught than for the bouquet. To these children is opened up not only the field of Gregorian music, but the modern modes which look to Gregorian as to their source and principle; and not merely are they taught appreciation of these modes, but the creative spark within them is fanned and kindled and they become composers.

It is a commonplace of these courses for a child to dictate to her class a lovely melody, with all the etherial bloom of childhood upon it, and for the class not only to sing it but to extend it into parts. A year ago, Madame Marcella Sembrich visited these classes at Annunciation School and at the request of Mother Stevens, R.S.H., directress of the schola since its inception, she sang a fragment of an operatic aria, from which two children produced a beautiful two-part melody, which they wrote on the blackboard as quickly as they could have written English. A similar demonstration drew from Efrem Zimbalist the assertion—"I spent years of intensive study to learn what they seem to have acquired already." To give children such a gift is to give them something beyond gold and silver, and so to train their hearts that this gift is turned to God's worship is to give Him back something of His own.

If this, which was the task and preoccupation of the middle ages, is going forward here, then surely the prospect for America is not so dark. For, however true it is that American civilization is based on other than European, and therefore Catholic, traditions, our hope is still in that vitalizing sap which is in the Tree of Christ. And that, after all, was planted not for Europe or Asia or America, but for the orbis terrarum. Judging from the recent expressions of his opinion, Mr. Hilaire Belloc would be the first to concede that though America be more hedonistic than Athens, more licentious than Rome, it is not more inaccessible to the grace of God. To the one He sent Paul, speaking with tongues in the Areopagus; the other He made the seat of His vicegerent on earth. It is in obedience to the voice of that vicegerent that the Pius X School carries on its work. For papal approval and encouragement not only did not cease with the demise of the Pontiff in whose honor it has been named, but have been reiterated in the strongest terms by Pope Pius XI, both by word of mouth on the occasion of his receiving Mrs. Ward in private audience, and in the Apostolic Benediction conferred upon the school under date of March 14, 1924, when he urged those engaged in the work to pursue it with "undaunted zeal and devotedness." The surest proof of his solicitude is the fact that under his authorization Dom Ferretti, the distinguished head of the Pontifical Institute of Liturgical Music will conduct the advanced classes of the Pius X School during the summer session of 1925. Those who realize the significance of this fact may well echo the words with which Cardinal Hayes dedicated the Pius X Hall—"Bless, O Lord, Almighty God, this place, that within it there may be health, virtue, victory, strength, humility, kindness and meekness, the fulfilling of the law and gratitude to God the Father, Son and Holy Ghost; and may this blessing remain upon this place and upon those who assemble in it now and forever."

WISHES AND DESIRES

By CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

I SUPPOSE it is true that all of us wish for something we have never possessed. Now, there is a subtle difference between a wish and a desire. The former may be sweetly negative and nebulous; the latter takes a concrete form, and sometimes makes us restless and impatient, even discontented when there is little chance of its fulfilment.

A few of us were sitting one evening not long ago in one of those small country houses which are rapidly making America more beautiful. No longer do we come from abroad, discouraged with our native architecture; for loveliness and color are creeping into our national consciousness, and our suburbs blossom with beauty. Fifty years from now most of our countrysides will be wonderful to look upon, dotted with homes that speak of comfort and a not too exotic charm.

We were talking of our inmost wishes—those secret cherishings which few of us ever discuss; and it was interesting to discover how simple our needs were.

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It was doubly interesting and illuminating to learn that all of us wanted something pertaining to a house, or a garden. One spoke of a passage she had always remembered in a book, in which the author had said that the people most in need of help were those who just missed the finer things of life—the gentle little librarian who could never own a motor, unless she happened to marry a book-loving millionaire, and to whom one could bring abundant pleasure by giving the unexpected lift; the delicate spinster of an old but poor family who might find a taste of heaven in an autumn week-end, away from the grey granite of the city, deep in some tapestried hillside country.

"We who get about so much—it's hard for us to understand how many there are who stay perpetually in one place," said our friend. "Why, I've met young actors and artists, alone in New York, who have never been able to go to a country house because they knew nobody who lived in one! Guttersnipes, always, with guttersnipe friends—that's what they remain. After all, one just doesn't *go* to a week-end: one is invited.

"And so my particular wish would be to have a house in the country near enough to the city so that I could ask lonely acquaintances out whenever I desired. I long for a shambling house, with floors that creak, old-English fashion, and doors leading to unexpected rooms up two steps, or down one—anywhere, in fact. A small house in which one could become lost! —That seems to me the best of all things."

We were enchanted with this simple picture of human needs. Then another spoke up—

"I too want a house in the country; but I would like it to be so remote from the city that I would never have the temptation to visit what I wish I could leave behind me forever. And I would like to have enough money so that I would never lack for servants; and my idea of complete happiness is to be able to touch a bell, no matter in what part of my house I happen to be, and have my meals brought to me on a tray—do you get, as I do, the joy of a chop and a salad and a glass of milk and a sweet, all served together on an intimate little board? There is something so cozy about it, so individual, so friendly. Food always tastes better to me thus served—I don't know why. Then, if I were in the library, I could go on with my book, without that ghastly interruption of a luncheon-gong; and if I were in my garden—oh, happiest place to eat!—I could go on looking at phlox and mignonette and hollyhocks and flagstones separated by grass, and sun-dial and pergola—drinking in the quiet beauty, with no thought of time."

And then the lady with the silver hair spoke.

"I would like book-cases built into the walls of my country place, not jutting out into the rooms; and—I would like to have just enough so that I could cook a turkey and immediately make a succulent hash of it, without waiting for 'next day.' That's all," she laughed.

We felt like offering her the laurel. Turkey hash —at once! Yet, would it taste as good? Isn't the left-over, warmed-over meal the best—not the dinner ceremoniously prepared? Consider how many of us love to rummage in the ice-chest, home from a party where everything that one could desire has been freshly served; yet it is the bit of pie haphazardly on a lonely dish, the chicken-leg miraculously untouched, the stray plate of cranberry sauce, the nibble of cheese, and the chance strawberry tart that give one the keenest appetite.

"I think it's the element of surprise and the sense of discovery that make the midnight meal, eaten on the corner of the kitchen table, so delightful," someone said.

"But it must be one's own kitchen," spoke up another, "if the warmest, truests joy is to be had."

"And there must be a friend to share it with us," said the lady with the silver hair. "That's the finishing touch to make it perfect."

Convent Sketch

I like the chapel best
When nobody is there,
When it is dim, and cool, and still—
Shadows everywhere.

I enter on tiptoe.
I kneel, and mean to pray,
But all my thoughts are little dreams
Without words to say.

Through the tinted windows
Drips a delicious light;
Faerie bands of vivid things go
Dancing, in delight.

Tall statues of the saints
Look on, and do not chide;
Young swallows in the ivy are
Chattering outside.

Swift, across the altar,
Like a sudden sigh—
Shadow-touch of tiny wings and
Petals, blowing by.

High upon the altar,
Set in a slim blue vase,
Flowers that I picked at dawn, and
Loved a thousand ways.

Listen, King of Flowers—
Thou, Watcher of all things,
Of worlds and suns no more aware
Than of sparrows' wings—

Break Thou my heart, O King!
It has not words for Thee,
But only loves. Thou, Who art Love,
Take me! Take me!

MARY DIXON THAYER.

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IN OLD NEW ENGLAND

By HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER

Authors and Friends, by Annie Fields. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. $2.50.

THE revival of Mrs. Fields's delightful sketches of Authors and Friends is especially welcomed by those of my generation, who grew up in New England in the days when the friendly authors described by Mrs. Fields were at the height of their fame, when their names were household words, their books our daily joy. To some among us the authors themselves were family friends, whom we knew as only children instinctively know and appraise the older visitors in the home.

Genial, witty and the soul of hospitality, James T. Fields quickly established the happiest relations with the authors whose works he published—and with their children, too. I shall never forget watching Mr. Fields give imitations of famous actors in their principal rôles—Mr. Fields, with a shawl thrown round him like a cloak, prancing round the library, skipping from chairs to footstools, representing Rolla bounding down the mountain side in Pizarro. With all its fun and hilarity that evening was for us a veritable education in dramatic art and in discrimination between good and bad in theatrical traditions.

The sketches in Authors and Friends are eight in number—Longfellow, Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Celia Thaxter, Whittier, Tennyson and Lady Tennyson, while other familiar names are introduced in the opening paragraph of Glimpses of Emerson. Mrs. Fields's words best put us in tune with the aim and inspiration of these intimate portraits. Speaking of Reminiscences and Memories she writes—

"The perfect consistency of a truly great life, where inconsistencies of speech become at once harmonized by the beauty of the whole nature, gives even to a slight incident the value of a bit of mosaic which, if omitted, would leave a gap in the picture."

And no one could better give us these bits of mosaic than this rarely gifted, sympathetic pair, each the complement of the other, to whom their author-friends spontaneously turned, whether in foul weather or in fair.

The most lively and entertaining of the sketches is that of Oliver Wendell Holmes. It is as bubbling over with goodness and humor as the dear Autocrat himself. Perhaps it is the inspiration from the subject that we feel. For Longfellow and Emerson, by contrast, were not conversationalists. Both had wit and humor a-plenty, but in general they gave an impression of reserve and aloofness. Longfellow's manner was, indeed, genial, but not spontaneously so. One felt that his geniality sprang from the natural courtesy of a kindly gentleman, desiring to make things pleasant for those around him.

This at least was the impression left on my young mind, as I saw him almost daily in his own home, during five years of my early childhood when I shared the studies of his younger children, Edith and Allegra, with their English governess. Mr. Longfellow always met us with some gay little joke, or some nonsense verse, a limerick or a parody concocted on the spur of the moment. One such verse—the little girl with the little curl—is widely known, but many were tossed off every day in the home life. As an example, we children formed a little sewing-circle which we called the Bee. There was some discussion as to whether it should not rather be "the Bees." Waylaying Mr. Longfellow to beg a subscription of a dollar, he instantly replied—

If you call it the Bee,
I'll give you three;
But name it the Hive
And I'll make it five.

It was nonsense, of course, yet it shows how he tried always to enter cheerily into the young people's interests. But, if it was more than a mere passing encounter, if we remained some time with him, then I felt a consciousness of effort. He was rousing himself to amuse us, to recall anecdotes that would interest children—all very winning and kind, but still—an effort. Perhaps I unconsciously felt a slight awe in his presence, the shadow of a great tragedy over his darkened life, the widowed house, the motherless children. Perhaps I unconsciously saw the "gentle face, the face of the long-dead," of whom he wrote—

Soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fires was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.

Of the Emerson sketch I cannot speak with any personal knowledge. As men of letters and members of the same literary and social clubs, my father, and my grandfather, Dana, knew Emerson personally, and in many ways admired him greatly, but there was no intimacy and scant sympathy. For the Transcendentalism of the Concord School was shocking to their strong religious feeling. My grandfather and his sisters had fought the fight of Trinitarian Congregationalism in the great controversy with the Unitarians in their younger days, and had lost both friends and property in the cause. Later my grandfather and my father had become Episcopalians. My mother, though a Presbyterian, had been brought up under the stalwart Congregationalism of Dr. Lyman Beecher, and had been educated in Miss Katharine Beecher's famous

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school in Hartford. With such traditions, she could have no patience with the Emersonian ideas. My father's sister, Charlotte Dana; his cousin, Mrs. Sophie Dana Ripley; and another cousin, Adele Dana, were among the earliest converts in New England to the Catholic Church. Among the intimate friends and frequent visitors at my grandfather's house in Chestnut Street were other converts—Orestes Brownson; Father Isaac Hecker, the founder of the Paulists; Fathers Shaw, Coolidge and Welsh; Mrs. Judge Metcalf and her daughter Julia.

It was a houshold where those of differing faiths met and mingled in peace, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Episcopalian or Catholic—but all were united in one solid phalanx against Transcendentalism, though some among them had come into the Catholic Church by way of Concord and Brook Farm. Needless to say, Emerson was not among the intimates in this household.

But of Dr. Holmes I can well understand why Mrs. Fields writes—"When the moment came to meet men face to face, what unrivaled gayety and good cheer possessed him! He was the king of the dinner table during a large part of the century. How incomparable his gift of conversation was, it will be difficult, probably impossible, for any one to understand who had never known him. It was not that he was wiser, or wittier, or more profound, or more radiant with humor than some other distinguished men; but with Dr. Holmes sunshine and gayety came into the room. It was not a determination to be cheerful or witty or profound; but it was a natural expression, like that of a child, always open to the influences around him and ready for 'a good time.' "

It was this spontaneity, this natural effervescence that attracted a timid child to Dr. Holmes. I remember how he chatted on, pouring out treasures of wit and wisdom, as simply before the young as before the mature. And what school girl would not be carried away by the subtle flattery of being talked to just as if she were grown-up?

In Days with Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Fields gives us the longest, the most intensely sympathetic of all her sketches. Perhaps the spirit of it is best summed up in words taken from a lecture by Mr. Fields—

"A New England woman once wrote a great novel while beset with difficulties, pinched by poverty, and surrounded by hard work from sunrise to midnight, year in and year out. She was a pallid, earnest, tired little body, who sat in her white cottage down in Brunswick in the state of Maine. She had been busy all day, perhaps painting a room—for her means would not allow her to hire it done. Besides that labor she cooked for the family, and did all her other household duties, without assistance, and without flinching or groaning. The children were hushed in sleep; all was still about the house, and she trimmed the lamp for a long session at her writing table.

"Thus she sat many a night, and wrote, and wept, and wrote again, until she had poured out her soul before the Lord for humanity's sake. And then came, a little slowly at first, but rolling surely with an awful sound, that great universal response—the voice of the people of the whole earth speaking as one."

For the world-wide sensation created by Uncle Tom's Cabin has never been paralleled in literary history.

But the sketch is not all keyed up to this exalted pitch, for Mrs. Stowe had the wit, the courage and the indomitable spirit of all the Beechers. Tender-hearted and fun-loving, a laugh springs up even in a tale of household woes. "Mrs. Stowe was a delightful talker," wrote Mrs. Fields. "She loved to gather a small circle of friends around a fireside, where she easily took the lead in fun and story-telling. 'Let me put my feet upon the fender,' she would say, 'and I can talk till all is blue.' "

The same saving grace of humor and courage relieves the pathetic story of the shy and sickly Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier. The bits from his familiar letters are charming and he loved to poke a little sly fun at his friends and at himself. His enthusiasms for books and writers, and his lively interest in public men and affairs never failed even amid the oppression of sorrow, isolation and physical suffering.

A particularly inspiring sketch, to me, at least, is that of Celia Laighton Thaxter—a brave and beautiful woman, who looked out bravely and beautifully upon a hard life. Hers was not to write epoch-making books of appeal to humanity, but to bring the beauties of nature, of sea and sky and flower, melodiously and joyously to human hearts, and to gather about her kindred spirits in art, painting, literature, music. It was a unique "salon" that she built up in the summer at her island home, ten miles out at sea, and we who shared its artistic joys can never be too grateful for those unforgettable days at the Isle of Shoals.

Mrs. Thaxter was a great-hearted woman, made for religion, growing up a pagan, trying to satisfy her spiritual longing in various "isms"—Spiritualism, psychical research, Theosophy, Brahminism. She had warm friends among Catholics, too—John Boyle O'Reilly, my aunt, Charlotte Dana, and many more. She knew Protestant clergy of many denominations, yet it seems never to have occurred to her to experiment with Christianity. But in her last years, the Indian, Mohini, introduced to her notice two books which, he said, were sealed to the eyes of western culture and only to be understood in the light of Hindu philosophy. These volumes were—the New Testament and the De Imitatione Christi of Thomas à Kempis! Truly, "the Spirit breatheth where He will," —from that moment these new-found treasures never left her side. They were on her desk by day, at her bedside by night—a pathetic yet consoling spectacle, for God knew her longings and her sincerity.

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MODERN MARRIAGE—ITS PROBLEMS

III. MARRIAGE AND SEX EQUALITY

By OLIVE WADSLEY

YOU can be a Conservative Socialist, you can be a financier and possess a soul (witness the erection of charitable hostels by the newly rich) you can be an angel without wings, in any punt, or in revue, or even in home life, but, so far, I have never known a happy marriage which maintained sex equality as a tenet. The word *happy* is to be stressed, since it is the reason for all marriage, or, at least the hope.

Directly you marry sex equality ceases. Have you entertained the belief you are its advocate you must then relinquish your individual stance, since an essential in marriage is togetherness, of outlook, desires, decision. This essential could never be realized by the employment of striking-out methods, even if the aim of such energy be directed toward the improvement of the married state.

It is conceivable, I suppose, that this new freedom, this urge for self-expression may burn dually, but I should consider the discovery of two people imbued with the same alpine spirit in matters conjugal, an event more rare than meeting the ichthyosaurus, taking the air with its young, in Bond Street.

Yet we are informed sex equality is a thing to be striven for in marriage, since by sex equality alone can a man and woman give each other fair play, and life its best chance—all this irrespective of the fact that marriage should be fusion, and two people, each bent on the development of his and her complex, each intent on the maintenance of a good place in the sun of matrimony, can hardly hope to live in purest harmony.

I imagine two disciples of the creed marrying and carrying out in daily life the tenets of this creed, and there drifts before my mind the bleak and exhausting vision of parallel lines trailing ever onward, or two persons goose-stepping, if you like it better.

Equality is a stark thing from the point of view of the normal woman (and I speak as one having authority in that respect at least!) equality precludes spoiling, and what woman worth her powder can live wholly without that? What woman of charm would not feel her marriage a failure were she forced to do so? It precludes tenderness, it precludes absurdity, and absurdity, the cultivation of the little language every one in love speaks (and no one admits they do) of intimacies, which, as well as being enchanting revelations, are part of the very structure of life between two married people—this absurdity, the expression of it, which is, after all, the true expression of that child-like humanness possessed by all lovers, is to marriage, what petrol is to a car; it makes it go.

Again, equality implies independence, with a dash of arrogance thereto, moreover, and to the vast majority of women it stands really for supremacy! Your feminine sex-equality advocate does not really want to share life on the level with man; she wants to go one better and direct it, and because she wants to, thinks she can, a belief for which generous and bewildered man, liking to give woman her way, is largely responsible!

Women can do men's work, of course, but the point is, they do not do it in the way a man does, and though the result of feminine toil may be adequate, the result upon the woman herself is rarely beneficial.

A woman may rank as her husband's equal, she may earn an income, but, unless she earns it for a legitimate end, which means a selfless one, its value will be negligible to marriage, since, if she works in order to spend on herself, because she does not think her husband makes enough to supply her personal needs, she is doing him a wrong. She is nullifying that instinct to provide for his own which is the root of a man's love for the woman he has chosen; and to pauperize a man's spirit can scarcely be considered an aid to equality.

Man is naturally generous, naturally a responsibility-taker, naturally a home-maker, all facts he accepts as he accepts the rotation of the seasons. One of the foundations of life, as well as marriage, is giving—of yourself, your heart, your work; and when a woman elects, in order to maintain a spirit of equality, to take up work outside her home, she is giving neither to life nor marriage, but to herself.

When I think what a future of sacrifice a mere proposal entails, I am more than amazed that any man can muster strength to totter to the altar rails.

Being a romantic woman, and therefore regarding all men as children, I realize what cherished toys they give up in order to make a home, to marry, and have the privilege of supporting a woman all her life, and how eagerly and simply they set about this deed, inspired thereto by the thought of a woman's dependence on them, her need of their strength; and I cannot see what on earth any happy normal woman can hope to gain from equality.

Equality of qualities, yes, indeed; or generosity, tolerance, graciousness, humor, but that is not sex equality; it is something far beyond, it is soul equality, and is, moreover, true marriage.

Women do not usually give as men give. One woman in a million can give her money as she gives her love, as simply, and without a second thought; but

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a man pays as he breathes, and if he sometimes does so rather audibly—should we complain? Have we not all our mannerisms?

The war created terrific new responsibilities for women; they had to act as men and for them; that need is definitely ended, and it shows, not desire for freedom, nor yearning for real equality on the part of women, but weakness of grasp, and lack of generosity, that they should continue to demand the continued allocation to themselves of such responsibilities, in order to exploit a foible.

And—another point worthy of attention (I am saying it almost in a whisper)—why should any married woman yearn for equality when she can, all unrealized by any *real* husband in any *real* marriage, reign?

(*This is the third in a series of articles, of which the fourth will appear in an early issue.*)

ONCE IN A BANK

By GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

ONCE, in a great bank, a young man had a personal experience. And this is strange indeed, for after all, the New York banks are amazingly alike and impersonal in doing the same foolish and essential things. All have their system of military hierarchy. With their departments, divisions, bureaux, they are all somewhat governmental. They all have a protocol, a formally regulated style of correspondence, and it exists in no other industry—a most curious private-school spirit.

As a detail hidden away somewhere, most of them have their Van Nibbs; a by-product of the system, a diffident and disinterested flywheel revolving in space, a spiritual advisor in a palace of pagan kings. Van Nibbs, as you will see, had much to do with the personal experience.

At one time the bank placed in one of its annexes (above a drug store, a tailor and a print shop) the more obviously mad among its employees and the best of its alienists. In this annex was the industrial department, to which dying loans were hurriedly conveyed to be treated by the most brilliant younger officer in the bank. Here also, in a spirit of paradox, the men of the foreign trade bureau—for the most part of dreamy and poetic nature—justified their innocent fondness for foreign place-names and memories by an unceasing and simulated interest in what were called statistics of import and export, more accurately the capacity of foreign markets for absorbing the great American surplus. (Pack it prettily and you can sell it abroad!) And nearby, in corner rooms on a separate staircase, Van Nibbs lectured five hours a day on the principles of railroads, industrials and public utilities.

His pupils were the students of the curious educational department and the theory that gave them in his charge was sound: men of relative education, knowing nothing about a bank and, for some reason, wanting to work in one, could in time be made useful—when they had learned something. They would, of course, learn this something by spending a year, helping or hindering but ever observing, in all the departments of the bank. If these precursors of our unofficial observers did not die of unpopularity before the end of their Tournée des Grands Ducs, they would merit and need a quick invigorating bath in Van Nibbs's pure spring of theory. While all this went on they were paid. The only fault in the policy of the educational department was to give it such a damning name. Moreover, it was never a department at all: it was an apprenticeship.

Those who underwent it were serious and ambitious young men with fountain pens—the trade mark of the untrained—arriving from up-state high schools, from colleges, or, exceptionally, from country banks. The normal American snobbishness added to their number a few young gentlemen with connections—mostly destined for the uptown office, foreign branches, or new business (Social Register plus Directory of Directors). It was admitted that they would never be of technical use. At the end of the course many students took the easiest way and sold bonds. Some started life all over again in departments hoping that none of the regular staff would remember that they had ever been there before. Others, a few, had seen enough to drive them—after a last convulsive struggle with the restraining school spirit—in search of other and Elysian fields. This and this alone, was apt to be a personal experience.

The bank, after relieving its mind on the subject of ingratitude, very likely forgot all about such deserters, but the deserters themselves spent a great deal of their time trying to forget the habits of unquestioning obedience they had acquired—as demobilized soldiers, some of them never succeeded. Some of them wondered why they had not stayed on.

They had met with no insurmountable difficulty in understanding the strictly servile state of the bank clerk. They had learned to tolerate commuting, marriage with a kitchenette, pay envelopes, matinées, and, at a distance which could not be calculated, an officership alternating in their dreams with the subsidized hospital for breakdowns. They had been able to realize without bitterness that these things could not be separated from the work to be done and its complexity. They had had this saving sense of archi-

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tectural need. They had felt that false pride—the fetish of the white collar and the marble floors—had put the bank clerk into a machine from which escape was always difficult and eventually impossible. The imprudent had been caught. That they had not in any way been trapped made matters worse, since for oppression there is always revolt, while one cannot mob the paternal machine of banking or march against an organized life of which one has become an organic and consequently minor part.

Those who went away were shocked less by prevailing conditions than by the rare exceptions to them. They might not like the grinding of the mills, but the racket was no worse than the subway, and the boiler factory less crowded than the city. It became customary and tolerable. The exceptions of rapidly acquired prominence and wealth, or an exception such as Van Nibbs, occasionally startled them into a process of thought which led ultimately to action.

"Van" was as disquieting as the nearby ships (you could see and hear them) which loaded and unloaded, coaled, put on fresh coats of white paint—and some times even sailed off under one's nose at lunch hour for the southern seas. To see great bars of silver bullion carelessly unloaded from a truck hardly brought the temptation to pick one of them up and run. And bonds were too technical and considered only as a nuisance to check and register and mail and receive—banged in at the window of the securities cage—"Lee Hig, what you got? Hey, you, where's the fire? Well, wait a while."

But the ships! The ships tempted more than gold.

Perhaps it was the thought of motion and distance that made "Van" and the ships such very bad things to have lying about a bank. For when "Van" talked about railroads, matters like maintenance, freight-car-miles, or density, he carried his students all over the country. When he talked about the best kinds of ballast, they saw long roads winding through hills, beautifully graded and leading very far away. When he drew diagrams of locomotive types, Pacific, Atlantic, Mogul, there inevitably appeared a procession of squat French engines, the electric at Chamonix, funiculaires at Territet—English engines painted green and black with name plates out of old children's books of trains.

Not that one's mind drifted hopelessly away, but rather that in "Van's" inspiring, violent, earnest thought, one lived more rapidly and could think more richly. The facts he tried to teach were learned, and he gave so very much more than the facts.

That leads to a point. The one man in the bank who made bonds plausible, finance alluring, intelligible and a career, was paid—well—he was engaged in training men to make money and himself had obviously and rather gloriously failed to make his mind and effort an integral part of the visible money-making process of the bank.

It was highly necessary for one's peace of mind to explain this seeming disparity between "performance" —to use "Van's" own terminology—and income. If Germans had to pay a great many marks to buy a dollar at least they knew there had been a war. If a bank clerk seemed underpaid at least one knew as a cause that there was no limit to the supply of bank clerks. Neither explanation was particularly moral. But of "Van?"

Rebellious thought on this subject, conducted most frequently in the wash rooms where one went for a smoke, conceded that no one, not visibly making money for the bank, could be paid any but a nominal wage. The sequence was clear to the question—Could a disinterested and scientific and withal lovable mind hope to attain a powerful place in the modern bank? The answer of youth assembled in the wash room, at one with countless books of salesmanship, was emphatic, profane, and in the negative. Not by working up through the bank. All officers that meant anything came from somewhere else. Then what was it all about?

"Service," over-worked, a word to make some men curse, nevertheless was the only moral excuse for a banking career. Merely to serve in a cage was not enough. Eventually machinery would take care of all that. To serve at all in the moral sense was impossible until one reached the highest rungs of the ladder. And to climb this ladder, rung by rung, meant not only to work hard, but to push, shove, threaten, and flatter as a steady tactical accompaniment. If it meant nothing else, it meant to make friends deliberately.

To be pitied—the young men laboring in such gloom; to be reasoned with; to be advised; to be kicked in the head (actually a personal experience, and in a bank).

Rather than argue with you, we will let you have the pleasure of despising us. There are a few of us, on a theory which, perhaps, is too much and too personal for you, who are deserters from an army that without a banner matches pennies in a captured place.

Daniel Boone

Grey ash and blue grass watched him where he slept,
With ears half-cocked, like a hound that hates the moon;
Along the Ohio's edge a Shawnee crept,
While midnight flinched to the cry of a crazy loon.
Dreams locked him now—once more at home he wept,
Saying goodbye to one in a far-off June,
Whose gentle voice in childhood used to croon
Him off to sleep through mother-vigils kept.

The sumach stirred—two eyes from a feathery crest,
Between dead twigs, peered long upon his face—
A spider paused in weaving silver lace—
The campfire sputtered with a new-born zest—
Boone woke—the twigs bent back—at dawn, apace,
Once more the star of empire trailed the west.

J. Corson Miller.

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COMMUNICATIONS

THE GESTURE OF IMPOTENCE

Chicago, Ill.

TO the Editor:—A mistake of violence often carries with it, not only its corrective, but the vivifying, driving element from which finally ensues great success. But there are also mistakes of impotence, and from these seemingly issue only further impotence—more mistakes. In a time so lacking in spiritual and cultural direction as our present time, anachronisms must indeed abound and little else could well be expected. If anachronisms in life, it is still more understandable, still more to be expected, that in our day should be an architecture of anachronisms.

All of this has to do with the hue and cry of St. John the Divine national cathedrals, be they of that or other names, and of the labored imitation of mediaeval ideas in church architecture that has been impressed on the Episcopal church and which—distressing idea—some think worthy of imitating in our own, the Catholic Church. Of these propagandists, it may be said that some think it a compliment when they contrive an arid antique "effect," and it elicits the praise that "one wouldn't think it a Catholic church."

That such standards and ideas should ever impress us seems unthinkable, yet oracular utterances are many, and the Anglican impress has not been unfelt, nor are the evidences lacking of our submission to these ideas of taste in architecture—ideas that I believe are forever out of sympathy with the current of life within the body of the Church.

Therefore, I would disagree with Mr. Elmer Davis, and say that not as a pious anachronism is the Cathedral of St. John the Divine questionable, but as a twentieth century building, structurally and artistically it is an anachronism and questionable. As designed it has no place in the American scene.

Architecture—and for the evidence to support this statement I appeal to mediaeval Gothic so revered by these stylistic devotees, and in its essential basis, materialistic. It is, when vital and living, developed around necessities of a very simple kind, necessities which in our modern Catholic churches are those of assembly for seeing and hearing the celebration of Mass, and a practical structure to envelop such an assembly. In our day, for this assembly, there must be a higher degree of intimacy with the sanctuary than existed in other times, and there must be ready access to the communion rail for large numbers of the congregation, due to the increasing number of communicants. Necessary also is the grouping of the congregation for instruction within easy voice range of the preacher. These are the simple natural requirements of a modern church, which requirements if they are satisfied artistically in a building, would mean a result that was not a Byzantine, Gothic or renaissance building, but an American twentieth-century church building.

In this simple fact, the grouping of a congregation around an altar, lies the reasonable basis for the design of a church, Allied to this we have the constructions of steel and concrete which have had development in our time, and which enable us to build churches free of pillars, in a structural way that is natural and, in our time, unaffected.

When instead of a natural and economical method of construction such as we have seen developed in commercial and industrial buildings, we employ a method, unnatural and laborious, such as that of numerous and unnecessary pillars, and of cumbrous vaultings of brick or stone for the purpose of producing an effect to a degree that is unnatural and without sense, we lay ourselves open to the charge of affectation.

Better far the mistakes of violence, which in truth is the record of the Catholic Church in architecture in this country, than the mistakes of impotence. Better the vulgarity that has been ours, than negative good taste imitated from the imitations of a religious sect, because from this last there is no issue. For vulgarity is usually the quality of undirected virility and energy which will cleanse itself and may issue into vital architecture. Better far, that our gestures have been those of violence rather than of impotence.

BARRY BYRNE.

THE CHRISTIAN CENTURY

Huntington, Ind.

TO the Editor:—Your editorial, Are Catholics Christians? in the February 4 issue of The Commonweal was read by me with considerable interest, inasmuch as I was, for several years, a minister of the "Disciples" denomination.

I know something of the Christian Century and the school of thought it represents. In the first place, its editors and writers and contributors are "modernists" and have strong sympathies for Socialistic innovations.

Recently the Christian Century has placed itself, unofficially of course, at the head of a crusade against war under any circumstances. Look in the columns of the Nation, and you will find the Nation commending, editorially, its extreme pacifistic stand.

One does not have to search far to find the motive for the recent demand for the taxation of all church property on the part of the Christian Century. The Century, in collusion with the radical Socialists, looks upon orthodox Christianity as a "superstition," a fraud, and an imposition upon mankind. It is consistent in wishing to tax it out of existence. The Russian soviet government takes up the same attitude toward orthodox Christianity. Incidentally, if church property should be taxed, it would also embarrass the fundamentalist Protestants.

The Christian Century, while crying out for "toleration," is quite ready to become intolerant toward all who do not join with it in the propagation of "the social gospel," i. e., Bolshevism, which is, of course, voided of every vestige of the supernatural.

The Century is habitually anti-Catholic. It has been attacking the Papacy and especially what, to it, is the supreme embodiment of the anti-democratic heresy, the Syllabus of Errors of Pope Pius IX, for some time past. Its demand for the taxation of church property is not new. Several months ago the claim was made by this journal, with what truth you yourself know, that the holdings of the Roman Church in the United States were becoming a menace. The value of Protestant church property is almost twice the value of Catholic Church property in the country at this moment.

I might mention that this same Century is not more just or clear-sighted, in its treatment of the Syllabus of Errors,

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than the ordinary militant anti-Catholic bigot. I have protested, on several occasions, and have pointed out its gross caricatures of Catholic doctrines, but to no avail.

As to how far the Century represents the thought of the Protestant churches, it would be hard to say. It does not speak officially for any party. However, the body of readers is "modernistic." Occasionally an article which commends, to some extent, certain doctrines and practices of the Catholic Church, is published. These usually deal with the international aspect of Catholicity and point out the failure of Protestant nationalism. It is plain to see, however, that The Century will have none of the Catholic Church. While it may admire its internationalism, the quality of internationalism it prefers is of the Bolshevik type; and I really believe that the reason why such articles are occasionally published is to hold a few Catholic readers, in the hope that they may, eventually, be indoctrinated with Bolshevism.

ROBERT R. HULL.
Associate Editor, Our Sunday Visitor.

BARRING SACRAMENTAL WINE

Loretto, Pa.

TO the Editor:—In your issue of January 28 in an article entitled Barring Sacramental Wine, you say—"This monstrous measure [a proposed amendment in Colorado] would be especially grievous to Catholics. It would render the celebration of the Mass, the most sacred rite of the Church, indispensable to the practice of their religion, altogether impossible."

I beg to disagree with you. It would not render the celebration impossible. The proposed law is obnoxious and it would bring grave inconvenience, but would it not be then a case of necessity? Doesn't our theology allow us to use non-intoxicant wine in case of necessity? Sabetti-Barrett in the tract on the Eucharist quotes—"New wine [mustum] or wine recently pressed from mature grapes [ex uvis] is indeed valid matter, but gravely illicit." A little further on he tells of ordinary wine being licit and valid and adds—"New wine [mustum] is valid matter, but outside the case of necessity it is gravely illicit." And still further down on the same page of this book the author says—"In the sacrifice of the Mass it is licit to use wine made from dried grapes so long as the liquid extracted from them can be recognized by its color, taste and smell as true wine."

Would it seem that the use of grape juice is prohibited in case of necessity?

SEMINARIUS.

(*The writer of this letter communicated his name to The Commonweal, but requested that his letter be signed, on publication, as above.—The Editors.*)

BOLSHEVISM VS. RELIGION

Summit, N. J.

TO the Editor:—Recently I have been studying Captain Francis McCullagh's Bolshevik Persecution of Christianity just to find what light it throws on the controverted matter of religious instruction for New York public school children.

Section III—Infringement of the Regulations for the Separation of Church and State, Article 121, of the Russian Criminal Code, which has been in operation in the Soviet Republics since June 1, 1922, lays down—

"The teaching of religious doctrines to persons under age in public and in private schools is to be punished by hard labor for a maximum term of one year."

Archbishop Cieplak, Monsignor Budkiewicz, Monsignor Maletsky, and Fathers Eismont, Yunevich, Kvetsko, Khoderevitch, Vassilevsky, Yanukovich, Matulianis, Froigo, Ivanov, Rutkovsky, Pronsketis, were all accused and convicted of contravening Article 121.

The Bolshevik circular of January 3, 1922, to which Krylenko frequently appealed during the course of the Cieplak trial—quoted on pages 359-360 of Captain McCullagh's book—is also extremely appropriate to the matter of religious education and training in American public and private schools.

I suppose the Freethinkers and Communists in this country know why they object to religion in places of education, but surely the opponents of private schools and of religious education in public schools do not realize the company they keep.

LAWRENCE MAYNARD GRAY.

A VANISHING ART

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—A Vanishing Art, by Martha Genung Stearns in your issue of February 11, is an article which everyone who loves the Church for its beauty as well as its truth should read and take to heart. "The vestments in our churches have lost their grace and softness;" writes Mrs. Stearns "those great billowing silken banners, embroidered with lillies and crosses and leopards, which seemed to come alive in the wind, have become stiff conventional squares held rigid with weights in the corners which no wind of heaven could fill with grace. There are scalloped satin frontals upon which crocheted roses have been applied, which seem to have a horrid fascination for the eye at the most solemn moments. All the beauty and spontaneity and simplicity have gone out of these things and they are merely fussy." Such criticism, thus gently delivered, is very seriously true. The vestments used in the majority of parishes, whether rich or poor, fall far of that artistic excellence which one has a right to expect. They bear the stamp of machinery and are little testimony to the delicate art of the needle. Not only are they "stiff" and "conventional," as Mrs. Stearns says, but they are often of shades very trying to the eye.

The shortened chasuble, dalmatic and tunic to which we have become accustomed, and which make the priests wearing them resemble sandwich-board men, are only modern devices anyhow. They were introduced, if I am not mistaken, to allow the officiating ministers greater freedom in the use of their arms. The traditional cut of these vestments, which is full, long and flowing, is still used in monastic houses and—let us be thankful—in some parish churches.

But this question of vestments is only one angle of the fight which sensitive Catholics must wage against indifferentism. There are other angles and more important ones. The average layman has little interest in the media by which divine truths are revealed and glorified. The official garb of the clergy, liturgical music, architecture, church ornaments, ceremonial—how little does one hear these subjects discussed even in circles of cultivated Catholics. But if indifferent to such matters, the average layman is not insensitive to their appeal. Indeed, he responds very quickly to what is best in ecclesiastical tradition, once it is revealed to him, once he is shown how much of what he has been used to is tawdry and second rate. Parishes that attempt the experiment of plain song, for instance, seldom go back to the popular, sing-song melodies. Catholics who would see art and religion as much a unit as they were in an earlier day, have a rich opportunity for missionary work.

EDWIN THOMAS MCKENNA.

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POEMS

Peewee

Is it a wish—that tiny tin whistle
Out on a leafless branch throwing a missile,

Wrapped in a dip and a lift, like a bow
Of rain turned somersault, curve down below:

Tip-dip-tipping a phrase and a blow,
Releasing a flute in a piccolo,

And striking an ear with a short, thin dart,
Pinning a secret one hides in a heart?

If it isn't a wish, why does it tarry?
If it wasn't fulfilled, how far did it carry?

Was it too stunted to be sentimental?—
Or much too local to be continental?

ALFRED KREYMBORG.

Caution

Lurking in a velvet shadow,
  She is still and cool and deep—
Tread here softly lest you waken
  What she cradled into sleep.

Only stand upon her threshold—
  Though her word be quiet-kind
Never step within a certain
  Curious doorway of her mind.

Come with gentle understanding,
  Guarding silence for her sake—
At a tremor or a heart-beat
  What lies sleeping might awake!

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN.

Baroque

A hand is at the arras. Hark!
  Was that a sound of muttering drums?
Who camps with dusk beside these dark,
  Disputed walls—who comes!

Let him be known . . . A little page
  Whimpered and shook and looked askance,
Wondering who might lift the gage
  With lordly arrogance.

But there was none to draw swift blade,
  To fight or fall, or play poltroon;
Back of the sunset's bright brocade—
  Only the moon.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS.

The Shepherd of Thoughts

I would shepherd your thoughts
  Into my heart's own fold,
The worn-out ewes of sorrow,
The little weak lambs of tomorrow,
  Away from the grief on the wold.

I would shepherd your thoughts,
  The lame, the blind, and the tired,
And dip them into the happy river
That flows thro' the Valley of Peace for ever,
  And cleanses the thoughts that are mired.

I would shepherd your thoughts,
  With a crook of blossoming rod,
And the quick-eyed collie of Duty
Should guide them by highways of Beauty
  Into the pastures of God.

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE.

What Bobbie Dreamed

Please let me in, St. Peter;
I will polish up the harps,
I will teach the most unmusical
To play in flats and sharps;
I will comb the prophets' whiskers,
And curl the cherub's hair,
I will make a brand new cushion
For Archangel Michael's chair;
I will iron out the togas,
I will oil your keys for you;
I will be such a useful lad
If you will let me through!

You will not let me enter?
Now, St. Peter, shame on you!
I may have been a bad, bad boy
But you were naughty too—
How about that little rooster
That went "cock-a-doodle doo?"

Later

Thanks very much, St. Peter,
For letting me come through.

DOROTHY HAIGHT.

For a Dull Day

This derelict of days, how very long!
  And still, so still!
No voice is there of animating song:
  No lovely thrill!

Oh, when my life with eld is growing grey
  In every part,
May one love kindle an undying ray,
  In thee, my heart!

EDGAR R. SMOTHERS.

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THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

The Dark Angel

THERE is a peculiar power to any play that bares real heroism without attempting to kill it by maudlin sentiment. The Dark Angel is without doubt one of the most powerful and beautifully-written epics of inner heroism produced by the aftermath of the great war. It is by accident, though not essentially, a war play. That is, the fantastic circumstances which shaped or disrupted so many lives during the war serve as the basis for the plot, but any other chain of circumstances might have served just as well.

It is the story of a young English girl whose fiancé is recalled to the front two weeks earlier than expected. They try to get a marriage license, without success, and then, carried away by the emotional stress of the time, they spend together the night before his departure, as man and wife, at a small country hotel. They make a solemn compact to be married the moment he returns on his next leave.

This same night the girl has a dream in which she sees the soldiers on the battlefield being guarded by angels; her husband-to-be, however, is guarded by a dark angel instead of an angel of light. She is unable to explain the dream, but it gives her a strange premonition that her fiancé will never return.

Five years later the truth of this premonition has been borne out—no word has ever come from her fiancé and in the meantime she has fallen in love with an upright and fine young Englishman, who is a candidate for Parliament. She cannot, however, bring herself to marry him, fearing that if he knew of her past history, he would marry her more from pity than real love. At last, someone makes a bitter attack upon her former fiancé, Captain Trent, declaring that while he was supposed to be in love with her, he actually spent the last evening of his leave at a country hotel with another woman. In a desperate defense of his character, the girl admits that she herself was the woman. Thus she faces her first problem.

But life is never simple for those who have taken destiny in their own hands. Just before her marriage, she learns that Trent is still alive and under an assumed name has become a well-known novelist. Thinking that he probably has suffered from shell-shock, she goes to see him and here we meet one of the most intense climaxes of any play on the stage today.

Trent, it seems, was blinded in the war and determined that he would never return to allow her to marry him out of pity. But he is not one of the groping, tapping sort of blind men. Modern methods of training the blind have given him great independence of movement. He resolves upon an heroic effort, aided by an accomplice who tells him the color of the girl's hat and dress. He receives her and succeeds in sending her away without disclosing that he is blind, assuring her only that as a result of the nerve-shock of the war, he no longer wishes to marry her and gladly gives her the release from her promise, which she came to seek, so that she could marry the Englishman whom she really loves.

There is still further tragedy ahead. The girl, after leaving him, happy in her heart, returns to get a book she has left behind. The blind man is standing in the centre of the room, and although she passes right before him, does not see her. In this way she discovers the true depth of the heroism that has inspired him. In a great revulsion of feeling, she tries to make him consent to their marriage. It is here that the playwright has done a masterly piece of work. No better piece of sheer dramatic writing has been done in recent years than Trent's refusal to let the woman he loves sacrifice her life for him. In the end, he is left alone, but with that peace of heart which surpasses all understanding.

Reginald Mason as the blind officer, and Patricia Collinge, as the girl, contribute many extraordinarily fine moments to this play. In her alternation of mood, in her extreme naturalness of voice and gesture, Miss Collinge gives the part a singular conviction and reality. Mr. Mason deepens the terrific tragedy of the blind man by the very restraint with which he handles the scenes. It is a work of consummate art.

Loggerheads

THE CHERRY LANE THEATRE is responsible for producing one of the most delightful tragi-comedies of the season. Ralph Cullinan's Loggerheads is a combination of a poem and a melodrama. It moves along throughout the greater part of the evening in a swift, sure cadence, bubbling at times with delicious Irish humor, and only once bringing forth an intensity of dramatic power that gives one what we might call an old-fashioned thrill.

The entire action of Loggerheads takes place on a summer evening in the kitchen of Corny Halpin's house, near the sea-coast village of Labinch, County Clare, Ireland.

Briefly, it is the story of a faction or feud between two Irish families which is overpowered by the force of a very beautiful love. Corny Halpin has living with him his brother's widow, Ellen, and her daughter, Norah. From far-off lands appears Christie Barrett, the son of that Barrett who killed Corny Halpin's brother in a fit of anger and partly in self-defense. A small farmer, Padna Collins, who is anxious to marry Norah Halpin, fans the flame of the old Halpin-Barrett feud on every possible occasion. Norah herself does everything in her power to shame the older generation into letting a Christian spirit of forgiveness supplant the bitterness of the feud. For a long time she is unsuccessful because both her mother and her uncle assume that she wants to marry Christie Barrett. They do not give her any chance to explain until matters have reached very nearly a tragic climax. It then turns out that Norah is far indeed from any thought of Christie Barrett, as she has already made arrangements to enter a convent. What she has been trying to do is to bring together her mother and Christie, who were once childhood sweethearts.

There is nothing startlingly original in the plot or in the details of this play. It is simply one of those pieces so well and consistently done that it carries your interest at every moment and leaves you with an added respect for what many might consider an old-fashioned play.

Much of its success is undoubtedly due to the strangely intense and beautiful acting of Joanna Roos as Norah. When you remember that until the third act the audience itself is left in suspense as to Norah's reasons for attempting the reconciliation, you can see that only a very perfect piece of acting would make the ending seem logical and understandable.

One feels throughout the first and second act a certain

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mysterious detachment and quiet dignity in her manner. At the same time it is sufficiently tense to escape the charge of sheer coldness. If Miss Roos did not strike this perfect balance between the various love motives, the whole play would be a failure. She is certainly an actress of great promise.

Barry Macollum as Padna Collins achieves a very fine characterization, not without its quiet humor and a rare touch of poetry peeping through the harsh and seared lines of his crimped character. In fact, the entire cast is excellent and it will be a distinct surprise if this play does not soon find its way to one of the larger theatres uptown.

The Student Prince

WHOLESOMELY entertaining, The Student Prince at the Jolson Theatre proves by crowded houses that New York enjoys and will patronize a clean show. The Student Prince does not go into dark, unclean places in life and draw forth nauseous material to spread before our eyes, but gives rather in song and line things charming in the listening. Old Heidelberg, the play, touching in its renunciation, furnishes the story, and its atmosphere is not lost but intensified in The Student Prince. The casting is as perfect as is ever found in the theatre. One is refreshed by a complete illusion, that rare attribute, which when missing or imperfect, is the failure of the theatre. The one hundred students who make up the chorus look and sing like youths—a joy to the eye and to the ear. Howard Marsh as the Prince has voice and charm. The lovely Princess, played by Roberta Beatty, and the innkeeper's niece (Isle Margingo) contribute greatly to the outstanding casting. Dorothy Donnelly, who arranged the plot and lines, Romberg who wrote the music, and the Shuberts who have so magnificently staged the production deserve the gratitude of the theatre-going public, which, to be amused, entertained and instructed must often wade through such mires of slime and slush! Here at least in The Student Prince are beauty, and a lesson in renunciation.

M. S. W.

When Choosing Your Plays

Pigs—Rural comedy scoured with Sapolio for cleanliness.
Patience—A splendid revival of Gilbert and Sullivan.
Old English—A fine portrait, superbly acted by George Arliss, with false sentiment dangerously obscuring the real moral.
"Mrs. Partridge Presents"—In which the sub-flapper proves to be astonishingly conservative.
Chauve Souris—Not as good as the previous edition.
Silence—H. B. Warner in a typical reformed crook play.
Candida—Splendid acting of a play in which Bernard Shaw exhibits his unsound philosophy and his sound instincts.
Othello—A splendid production with Walter Hampden.
Quarantine—Considerable veneer pasted over an unwholesome comedy.
Desire Under the Elms—Eugene O'Neill at his most morbid repast.
They Knew What They Wanted—A play with a tragic beginning and a fine ending.
White Cargo—A morbid story of the white man's degeneration in the tropics. Mostly unrelieved gloom.
Dancing Mothers—In which a flapper reforms and her mother does the reverse.
The Show-Off—A sterling comedy that touches a guilty chord in many who laugh at it uproariously.
What Price Glory—A very fine, though not a great, play, which tries to be pacifist, but only succeeds in extolling true glory.
The Guardsman—A play in which the artistic temperament and infidelity are selected as comic themes.
Loggerheads—Reviewed above.
The Dark Angel—Reviewed above.
The Student Prince—Reviewed above.

BOOKS

The Genius of Style, by W. C, Brownell. New York: Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

MR. STUART SHERMAN in a recent article remarked that Stevenson's life as well as his works "possessed style, and the works were informed with the style of the life; they too were in the key of courage with gayety and grace." This is using the word "style" something in the sense for which Mr. Brownell prefers to use "manner," namely, the personal characteristic; but it seems to imply also that Stevenson's "manner" had style, and to both these—certainly among the best of our American critics—"style" is an idea applicable to life as well as to literature.

In literature, in the meaning—and on the whole the better meaning—of which Mr. Brownell makes use, it is "order and movement." Movement and order would seem to be better order, since one cannot make any arrangement until there is something to arrange. It is power that has attained ease, an energy intelligently obedient to an intelligent law. It is the insignia of a civilization, and eras as well as persons have style, or have it not. It is an idea that cannot be satisfactorily defined, but it can be described and illustrated; and Mr. Brownell turns to description and illustration with a success which it would be difficult to find equaled elsewhere; with a supple intelligence alert to every shade and variation; with stores of sensitive observation, a background of culture and a ripeness of judgment probably superior to that of any living American critic.

But if his book is less an analysis than an illustrated description, it is ultimately, and perhaps primarily, a thesis and a sermon. The idea is important not only in the general reach of its application, but in its specific bearing on a present condition.

Of the current reaction against many dominant characteristics of Victorian literature I feel more tolerant than does Mr. Brownell. The reaction was due and inevitable. Some of its features might have been prophesied, and among those most safely prophesied would have been its injustice. All revolts, religious, social, political, artistic or literary are unjust and indiscriminate.

But it might have been hoped that one of the reactions would be in the direction of a stricter discipline of some kind or other, something of the eighteenth century's clarity and precision, and its conscious and limited form. For nineteenth century literature broke from the eighteenth century into greater variety and glow. It reveled in experiments. It may have been haunted by "the ghost of a decency," but it was no "yea forsooth precision" in literary form or content. It was vigorous, emotional, and hungered after translunary things. It was tumultuous with theories and movements, romantic and neo-romantic, realistic and naturalistic, symbolist and decadent. It was less "stylistic" than the eighteenth. Its powers were greater but less under control. Logic, order and simplicity were not its salient features. A reaction might have been expected in favor of some of those eighteenth century values, but the expectation has not so far been fulfilled.

We need not be greatly concerned about twentieth century opinion of nineteenth century literature, whose great names may rise and fall, and shift and fade, or recover with an altered aspect, but will probably find their proper adjustment in due time. What the present generation thinks of its predecessors is of no great importance. What is important is the use it is making of its own powers.

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Now it seems to me that this lack of style which Mr. Brownell observes, this monotony of disorder, this mass of writing so confident and so slovenly, so tawdry, so ineffective by reason of "bad form" and so unaware of its condition, is more strictly a current American phenomenon than a European. It is not so evident that European writers are tending to ignore standards. And it seems to me that this American phenomenon is not due to the aforesaid reaction, to a literary dislike for a literary this or that in generations preceding, but is the outcome of a social breakup. Wherever good writing is general it is a social phenomenon. Granted that our literature in general was written in better style fifty years ago than now, it should be observed that it was mainly the product of certain settled communities, which had lived on the same soil for four or five generations under conditions that had changed but slowly.

But the last seventy-five years has seen enormous influxes of new population and enormous shifts of old population into new fields. "New England and her neighbors" have been half drained and refilled. Not only have we been mentally revolutionized by new physical environments and contacts, but we have been overflowed if not drowned by new ideas, new inventions, new habits. The old culture and tradition was purely English. Almost half our writers now have continental names. All this is too complex a phenomenon to be analyzed, or its outcome predicted, but the inference is short from such confusion to a loss of style in literature. Style—as a general phenomenon of an era—springs from a cultural unit of language and long association.

When we turn however, from these wide speculations to the personal issue of any present-day American writer, the conviction is unclouded that Mr. Brownell is his wisest counselor. "The service of style in all our activities of art and life in contributing to their singleness, cogency and charm tend in fact, as in logic, to become effective as the idea of style becomes one of our ideals." Style does not mean preciousness or purple patches. It means logic and effectiveness. It does not mean losing your individuality. Individuality—the being oneself—like happiness, is not obtained by direct pursuit, but "droppeth like the gentle dew from heaven," while you are pursuing other things. The great tradition is an elevation on which, when you have climbed its difficult ascent, you stand above the crowd. If you discard it in favor of your own hypothetical wings, you will not find yourself in an individual empyrean, but down among the mob of mannerisms ."The kind of independence that rewards surrender to nature has, in distinction from the freedom planned by design and achieved by effort, no tendency whatever to develop personality; rather the contrary." Good writing is an art, and like all fine arts traditional. No one writes by nature; he learns it by imitation. When his ear has been tuned to a high ideal of style, he cannot leave a paragraph clumsy and confused; it makes him unhappy. He can no longer be flippant and smart and cheap under the impression that he is witty and charming and deft; he feels the difference, and shrinks from it.

For the future of American literature, or art, or society, it is something to hold fast to these articles of faith: that inasmuch as without rules of the game and reasonable conformity thereto there is no game; so is rank individualism unpractical; so is general or prevailing immorality unpractical—that as long as human life is a mystery, so long will religion spontaneously grow out of it—that wherever there is vigorous life, the desire to express it is inveterate, and carries and contains the desire to express it better; which is art and literature; which leads directly to the desire to express the best of it best; which is the ideal of beauty.

ARTHUR COLTON.

Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies, by Arthur Preuss. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. $3.50.

MR. ARTHUR PREUSS, in his Dictionary of Secret and Other Societies, has been painstaking and thorough. He has left nothing undone in his effort to catalogue and describe the thousands of existing social organizations—from the Mafia to the Actors' Equity Association, from the Campfire Girls to the Hooded Ladies of the Mystic Den. He brings to this work the knowledge and experience gained in editorship of the Fortnightly Review, "which has for thirty years paid close attention to the doings of secret societies." Only, it is unfortunate that he has approached his task without humor. Of course, one does not look for conscious humor in a dictionary, but by the same token, neither does one expect warnings or insinuations against the subjects described; and Mr. Preuss's comment on the mumbo-jumbo of lodge ritual and the goatish antics of joiners is as gratuitous as it is intensely serious.

Few of us have not seen the Shriners in convention, have not watched them parade in fezzes and baggy trousers, and with drill teams and bands. And we read with delight of the ingenious and comical tortures these jolly fellows inflict on the initiate. But to contend, as Mr. Preuss contends, that the morality of these men is a "pagan sensuousness" is to invest the modern secret order with a quality, noxious or otherwise, which it can hardly be said to possess. It is to hint that Elmer Gunk, Omnipotent Bow-Wow of the Ancient and Frightful Order of Hot Dogs, is transformed, at a convivial gathering of his society, into a satyr by the addition of a tissue-paper hat and a few drinks of imitation Scotch; or that a group of hooded ladies of the Kamelia, wending their way in Fords to some moonlit meadow for their awful purposes, are thereby metamorphosed into so many maenads.

Furthermore, Mr. Preuss attaches a significance to ritual which is calculated to restrict considerably the meaning of the word. Whenever an organization employs a ritual, he informs us of the fact in italics, and one receives his implication that any such procedure is part of a wide-spread anti-Christ. Undoubtedly it is true that some societies, if not actually antagonistic to Christianity, are at least unconsciously subversive; but there are societies and societies, and the great mass of them, for all their fantastic flummery, appear to be nothing more than harmless play-grounds for the Babbitts.

The virtues of the Dictionary, however, more than atone for its limitations. It is a distinctly valuable contribution to Americana, amusing not only to the casual reader, but furnishing abundant material for the student of human customs. No comprehensive study of the American secret society, of the part it plays in national and communal life, has ever been attempted from any sociological or anthropological point of view. Yet here, surely, is a wide and inviting field for such a survey. As an example of the curious pleasures in which some orders indulge, consider the Pink Goats, whose members "appear in public in pink pajamas and gowns, carrying goats of all kinds," and whose officers bask under the titles of "He Goat," "Little White Goat," "Chief Bleater Goat," "Goat Getter," and "Musical Goat." There are also societies for the sole purpose of combatting other societies, e.g., the Anti-

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Poke-Noses and the Knights of the Flaming Circle. Both of these oppose the Ku Klux Klan. The policy of the former, if somewhat incompatible with anti-nose-poking, is the doubtless estimable one of keeping "eyes and ears open at all times for any movement of the enemy." The latter, composed of non-Protestants, has adopted the methods and paraphernalia of the Klan, and so must be classed with the Klan itself. Among the college fraternities there is one opposed to the temptations of co-education! Another, apparently secret in nature, is devoted to the suppression of all other secret fraternities! And there is the Order of the Wouff-Hong, an organization of amateur radio enthusiasts, which has surrounded "listening in" with a ritual, a constitution, and a mystic bond.

Then there are the Concatenated Hoo-Hoos, the Heptasophs, the Sheiks of the Mosque, the Rechabites, the Hermetic Brothers of Luxor, the Vikings, the Zoroastrians, the White Mahatmas, the Praetorians, the Rosicrucians, the Mogullians, the Immaculates, the Christian Knights and Heroines of Ethiopia of the East and West Hemispheres—and too many others to mention.

While the names above would indicate a bewildering number of ancient sources, the derivation of the modern secret order becomes more apparent when we consider other factors. For while the societies themselves often bear the names of animals, or have an Oriental flavor, these names are without actual totemic or Oriental significance. The nomenclature of office is frequently chivalric, and the ritual usually so: it seems clear, then, that the secret society in its present form derives in a way from the mediaeval institution of chivalry. Thus, an office-holding Elk may be an Esteemed Loyal Knight, or an esteemed Leading Knight, and so with other zöological societies. (Zöology, by the way, seems to have been about exhausted. Mr. Preuss lists not only Elks, Reindeer, Moose, Buffaloes, Lions, Camels, Bears, Mules, but also Goats, Houn' Dogs, Beavers, Monkeys, Rabbits, White Rats, Red Roosters, Blue Geese, Orioles, Owls, Larks, Eagles, and even the lowly Bugs, Cooties, and Fleas.)

Cervantes leaped upon the dying system of chivalry and belabored it unmercifully. That system is as dead, today, as the men who composed it, but its ghost still wanders the earth. Not so much in England, where actual knighthood has become a mere social honor, the reward of aspiring tradesmen, money-lenders, and music-hall comedians; not so much in any part of the old world as in America, where one can hardly throw a stone without hitting a "knight" of this, that, or the other secret order—a clowning ghost, a ghost in motley, but a vigorous one. Its presence is everywhere observable in the rituals of the joiners. One illustration from Mr. Preuss will suffice—

> A picture in the rotogravure section of the New York Times of November 11, 1923, bearing the legend—"Sir Gallahads of a New Holy Grail," shows five candidates for admission to the Hi-Y Club of Tulsa, Oklahoma, wearing fantastic costumes with a Gothic cross on their backs, "kneeling in prayer" before three officers, one of whom stands before what appears to be an altar, robed in a chasuble, while two of his assistants with crowns on their heads are facing the candidates, assisted by acolytes bearing candelabra. . . .

After various rites of purification, an all-night vigil spent in prayer and the watching of his arms, the young novice, attended by page and squire, receives from his liege the blow that makes him a knight—the last blow he may receive without affront to his honor. He is now ready to go out into the world and serve "God and the ladies" in a new estate which has genuine significance in the turbulent society of his day. Not that I wish to romanticize about chivalry, but battles, bloodshed, and adventures of every sort were thrust upon the knight as inevitable features of feudal life. The bestowal of knighthood, therefore, was accompanied by a solemnity in keeping with the nature of the event.

The solemnity still remains in the rituals of the secret orders, but the tragedy (and comedy) of it all is that the reason for it no longer exists. When the initiations are over, the awful oaths have been sworn, the horrendous ceremonies completed—when the janitor is dusting off the throne where the Grand Panjandrum himself has but lately sat, then must our modern Sir Knight put aside all affairs fraternal and chivalric and bethink himself of the cloak and suit business, the price of wheat, or whatever form stark reality takes for him. But for a little while he can withdraw from his every-day, humdrum existence, can "dress up," and participate in mysteries and rite. He can transport himself, for a space, to a sort of Coney Island of the mind. And what does it matter if the gems in the Tower of Jewels are not real, if the monsters in the Dragon's Gorge are but papier-mâché, and if he spends five dollars to "win" a fifty-cent Kewpie doll? He has paid to get it—and he is enjoying himself.

JAMES M. DWYER.

Memoirs of the Foreign Legion, by M. M. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

AN INTRODUCTION of ninety pages, written by the English novelist, D. H. Lawrence, gives some details regarding the personal character of his mysterious M. M. which might be amplified considerably by the recollections of certain people in New York, who knew this extraordinary and despicable egotist in his earlier years.

This Maurice Magnes who left his wormy trail behind him did not suggest that he was of the blood of the Hohenzollerns (like several other literateurs of presumably much more ancient race), and the legend of his life, his intimacies at the Benedictine monastery of Monte Cassino, his familiarities with the Tunisia Palace Hotel and Taormina (with shiverings off to Thomas Cook of Florence and Malta) are all too typical of the kind of smartness that thrills our juvenile habitués of Greenwich Village and Whitechapel.

In the eighteenth century legends of Spain, Don Juan encountered the devil on the streets of Seville, smoking a large cheroot to denote his highly modern wickedness: today he must motor into the scene like G. Bernard Shaw's John Tanner, and tomorrow, no doubt, our novelists will introduce him in an airship or speaking his secrets through a radio. The same old devil, whether with pitchfork and cloven hoof or monocle and high-hat; and the same old slime, that is spread out in these novels, whether in New York, Lourdes, Biskra, Sicily or Monte Cassino. There are several other interesting spots as yet neglected by our analytical authors, such as Gorizia, Cintra and Coimba, Badstad, Quito and—no, we shall reserve the names of some choicer psychological resorts from the grasp of these cheap tricksters.

The ancient walls of Monte Cassino have withstood too many barbarian invasions in the past to tremble before the presence of these literary ghouls, and Mr. Lawrence, with all

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his professed acumen, can hardly look for sympathy in his tardy recognition of the flabby criminality of the author of the Memoirs of the Foreign Legion, which he so industriously prepares for the public. The Foreign Legion has never been known exactly as a sweet smelling bouquet, and its sorry details make up the material of these memoirs: the French nation will not weep to learn that its personnel is so largely made up of Germans; and it is possible to read between the lines of his story that his fellow comrades in the ranks were not blind to the real race and defective fingerprints of the "literateur" that had descended (sic) upon them.

The opportunity to fish in the human cesspool may, it is to be hoped, result in paying the debts and the money-advances that *softies* have made for the traveling expenses, the tea and other drinks, and fresh linen of this peripatetic "Catholic," whose fidelity to his faith was ultimately shown in the corrosive acid which relieved him finally as the detectives were breaking in his doors.

This sweetly sophisticated career, sketched with enthusiasm by Mr. Lawrence, this life of borrowing, cheatings, false names and addresses, ingratitudes and abandonments: these filthy assumptions of gentility, religion and honor came to their inevitable end in the suicide, of which Mr. Lawrence approves, and which must appear logical to the most horrified reader. Memories of George Moore and G. Bernard Shaw come back in M.M's. story of the collector of Fragonard's paintings, in fear of the bombardments of Paris, who asked him: "Then you think less of a hundred old women being blown up than a work of art being destroyed?" "I had to say 'Yes.'" And Maurice was no work of art.

The Memoirs disclose the experiences of the young literateur on his reception into the Legion—the general brutalities and degradations; the distrust and scorn of the surrounding peoples; the attempt at regulation and vicious violations of all the plans for decency and sanitation; the brigandage within the barracks; and that last tragic cry over "the bad coffee!"

This is not badly presented: Mr. Lawrence admits that some discretionary sense has caused him to omit certain chapters in the original manuscripts.

There might be reasons for more of such discretion but we cannot look for what, apparently, is too much, from these literateurs.

THOMAS WALSH.

CONTRIBUTORS

DENIS GWYNN, a new contributor to The Commonweal, is a writer and authority on French politics.

J. R. KNIPFING is a member of the Department of European History in Ohio State University.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE, formerly editor of McClure's Magazine, is the author of The Quiet Singer, Manhattan, and Ambling Through Arcadia.

HENRIETTA DANA SKINNER is the author of Espirito Santo.

BLANCHE MARY KELLY is professor of English literature at Mount St. Vincent College, and the author of The Valley of Vision.

ARTHUR COLTON is a contributor to literary reviews and the author of Harps Hung Up in Babylon.

JAMES M. DWYER is a contributor of articles to current publications.

MARY DIXON THAYER is the author of a volume of poems, Songs of Youth, and a contributor of short stories and poetry to the magazines.

DOROTHY HAIGHT is one of the younger contributors to The Commonweal.

J. CORSON MILLER is a contributor of poetry to current magazines, and the author of Veils of Samite.

OLIVE WADSLEY, English author, has written The Flame, Conquest, and Almond-Blossom.

GOUVENEUR PAULDING is a journalist and essayist.

GERTRUDE CALLAGHAN is the author of Inheritance, and a contributor of poetry to current magazines.

LESLIE NELSON JENNINGS is on the editorial staff of Current Opinion, and a frequent contributor of poetry to American periodicals.

EDGAR R. SMOTHERS is a new contributor to The Commonweal.

DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE, of Yorkshire, England, is a dramatist and poet.

ALFRED KREYMBERG is a contributor of poetry and criticism to current magazines.

BRIEFER MENTION

Village Sermons by a Novelist, by Gustav Frenssen. Translated by T. F. Kinlock. D. Appleton and Company. $2.00.

PASTOR FRENSSEN is one of the famous novelists of Germany, well-known for his stories, Jorn Uhl and Die Drei Getreuen. The son of peasants, he has cultivated his furrows and remained the consoler and adviser of a simple flock at Holstein. His sermons embody the directness and simplicity that one would expect from a clean and primitive character, and they show great effectiveness in the translation made of them by T. F. Kinlock. The introduction of his Christmas sermon is characteristic of all these versions—"The Feast is here once more. There is no snow on roof or field or grave, yet the Christmas feeling fills our hearts. Something has entered them just as a bird flies into a tree. Something that sings an ancient wondrous song of God's great love, of humble shepherds in the fields by night, of angel's pinions that turn the darkness into light. Something that has an angel's face, an angel's pure and holy eyes has greeted you, his hair agleam with mystic, heavenly light. 'Come with me,' he says, as he leads you through the still and holy dawn in which Our Savior came to earth."

Shakespeare's Catholicism, by Sister Maura. Cambridge: The Riverside Press.

SOME of us remember the chagrin and amazement of "father" John Yeats, the parent of William Butler, the poet, when after making a loud declaration at a dinner party that Catholicism had never produced a masterpiece of literature in English, a mild little woman asked him if he had no respect for Shakespeare. Sister Maura may, or may not, be the same valiant interlocutor, but at any rate she gives a good accounting of the Catholic doctrine and tradition that are everywhere in evidence in the master's poems and plays. She does not make too much of the fact that in his mother's—the Arden family, there was an ancestor who in 1583 was executed for complicity in a Catholic plot, and that his grandfather's will proves that the Catholicity of the family was persistent. She directs her main efforts to show that the entire context of Shakespeare's thought, his symbolism and spirit, are not Protestant but entirely Catholic.

The Problem of Evil and Human Destiny, by Otto Zimmermann. Translated by John S. Zybura. St. Louis: B. Herder Company. $.90.

FATHER OTTO ZIMMERMANN'S compact and forceful little treatise calls special attention to a point which deserves to be treated more fully than is ordinarily the case: "that evil is an indispensable condition for certain benefits and blessings of the present world plan: that our world would be less good if it were less evil"—this and other less abstruse but comforting assurances of goodness and salvation make up the text of the work ably translated by Father Zybura of Cleveland, Ohio.

Studies, the Irish Quarterly Review from Dublin, has won a universal public through its scholarly merits and the very fine work of its editors. For timeliness and interest as well as sound learning and exquisite taste, it stands foremost among the best reviews in the English tongue.

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THE QUIET CORNER

I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library.—C. LAMB.

It was Friday, the thirteenth, at the time of dusk, and behind the closed library doors the small group about the fireplace had dropped their books with the failing light, and were sitting in meditative silence. No one seemed to think of switching on the reading lamps, and the big old room was wrapped in shadows. Tittivillus himself was quiet, having dropped into a chair near the shelves of books he was supposed to be dusting, where he slumbered gently, inert duster hanging from inert fingers.

Suddenly three loud raps, slow, distinct, and ominous, sounded.

"Tittivillus," roared Angelicus, "see who's there."

The imp gathered himself together and stumbled to the door, toward which all were looking. He pulled it open. Craning his neck out into the corridor, he came back and announced, with a perfect Montreal accent—"Personne!"

* * *

"These occult demonstrations always make me feel young again," said the venerable Doctor Angelicus. "In my day, there were occultists who—"

"Occultists!" broke in Hereticus. "I always associate them with old women and broomsticks used for the purpose of riding, not sweeping."

"Ah, the broomsticks that are misapplied," murmured the Editor, with a side glance at Tittivillus, who had instinctively snatched up his duster as there was no broomstick handy. Tittivillus illustrates in his activities the intimate connection, pedagogically speaking, between the word and the act.

"But why youth and occultism, Angelicus?" inquired Pirmus Criticus.

"In my early twenties I was something of an occultist myself," explained the Doctor, thoughtfully. "I still look on the amateurs of the ultraconscious with some sympathy, if not pity."

"Did you ever have any demonstrations from the spirit world?" eagerly asked Miss Anonymoncule.

"I had my fly—my magic green horse-fly," said the Doctor. "I was young and impressionable, a steady reader of oriental literature. The French mystical school of letters was just beginning, and there was much talk of mysteries, cenacles, and all that. I was accustomed to sit at my desk near an open window. I began to think it was time that some spirit, good or bad, should take the trouble to look up a person of my growing intellectuality. One day I noticed running across the mass of papers on my desk, a magnificent specimen of the genus gasterophilus-equi. For several weeks it would suddenly appear before me, sometimes on the end of my nose. I could hear the patter of its bare feet on my premature bald spot. I became curiously attached to it, with an affection that longed to catch it, and hold it in the hollow of my hand. But it eluded me with a persistence that at first seemed coquettish—and which, at length, appeared to take on a sinister quality. I tried and tried to entrap it, to meet it in open warfare, to practise a Fabian policy, a Machiavellian strategy, a modern robust chase with a bath-towel—but, either smiling or raging at my failure, I had to confess that fly was too much for me—too active, too subtle, too wise. My one logical conclusion was that it was magic—it surpassed my powers, very superior ones, I thought; in the words of Valle-Inclan—It was Satan!"

The silence that followed this extraordinary tale was peremptorily broken. Again three loud knocks sounded on the door. Tittivillus, who had been listening attentively to the Doctor's narrative, ran with a shriek and cowered in a far corner. Hereticus, with high disdain, rose and opened the door.

"How do you do, Mr. Egan," he said, as the tall figure of Cyril B. himself loomed in the doorway. "We are delighted to see you in the flesh. We rather anticipated a spirit."

"But I haven't been ill," replied Mr. Egan. "Don't you think you are, er—a trifle previous? The fact that I haven't been laid up with the colds that are making so many of you miserable is due to the sensible rubbers I always wear—rubbers that I have just now checked downstairs. I knocked here a few moments ago, and then noticed that I was still wearing them. They were covered with mud, and I would not stain the hallowed Axminster of your library."

"Oh, how disappointing," sighed Miss Anonymoncule. "I was hoping for a spirit demonstration."

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Egan, apologetically. "But how would you like to hear a story about a spectre?"

"Lovely," said Miss Anonymoncule, and Mr. Egan began—

* * *

"This is the tale of the Sceptic and the Spectre. The Sceptic met a Spectre with a sceptre. Or rather, the Spectre met the Sceptic: for it was night, and the Sceptic was in bed at the time.

"'Boo!' said the Spectre.

"'Tut-tut!' said the Sceptic.

"'Bugaboo!' said the Spectre.

"'Stuff and nonsense!' said the Sceptic, putting his fingers to his nose.

"'If you do not pay me more respect,' warned the Spectre, 'I will strike you with my sceptre!'

"'Strike away,' said the Sceptic. 'Don't you know that sceptres are passé today? Besides, how can your immaterial bludgeon affect my material sconce? Besides, I do not believe in spectres anyway!'

"'I will have you know,' pouted the Spectre—'that I am a King.'

"'Ha-ha,' scoffed the Sceptic—'Kings are but names today! Mere shadows!—You amount, therefore, to practically nothing—the merest shade of a shade; and probably that shadow's shadow is but the phantasm of my temporarily disordered brain.'

"'Boo—' began the Spectre.

"'Good Lord, are you still trying to *boo* me?'

"'I was going to say,' blubbered the Spectre, 'before you so rudely interrupted—Boo-hoo—boo-hoo—O, booo-hoo-hoo-hoo!'

"And he threw his sceptre on the floor, and sat down on the bed to burst into bitter tears.

"'There, there, old man,' soothed the Sceptic—'don't cry. Pick up your sceptre—that's a good fellow—and trot along now. Right next door there's a wakeful little boy that you can have piles of fun with!'

"'Is there?' said the Spectre, his ghostly eyes brightening. Then he arose happily, picked up his sceptre, and passed through the wall back of the Sceptic's bed.

"'The consciousness of one little act of kindness,' reflected the Sceptic, 'is an almost invaluable soporific!' And soon he was smilingly snoring to the bugagoo-lullaby of his impossible friend in the adjoining apartment." THE LIBRARIAN.

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